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## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage, &c. &c.* By Captain Parry. 4to. pp. circ. 250. London, 1826. J. Murray.

THIS volume, the conclusion of Captain Parry's publication under the auspices of our naval government, however valuable in charts, meteorological tables, and other scientific documents, is of a description to which no review can do justice. Ingeniously and handsomely as our friend Mr. Moyes prints the *Literary Gazette*, a quotation of one of these tabular pieces of intelligence would puzzle him considerably; and we are of necessity compelled to take a very imperfect view of the volume before us. It will, indeed, be principally sought by the possessors of the preceding volume as a requisite sequel, and by professional men; since it has few attractions for the merely curious reader, who seeks entertainment only, and does not care two-pence how the thermometer stood in any latitude on earth at any particular time, so that it was not very cold or very hot where he happened to be. Owing to the cases we have assigned, our present paper must be shorter, and more slight and miscellaneous than might otherwise have been expected.

In the early summer of 1824, it will be remembered, this Expedition sailed. Unfortunately the season was so severe that its progress was completely baffled in Davis' Straits during all the best month, August; and it was not till September that the *Hecla* and *Fury* got to Lancaster's Sound, where the setting in of the wintry ice speedily brought them to an anchor in Port Bowen (October 1). This inauspicious beginning of Parry's third voyage was but too ominous: during the winter nothing was done, and immediately after starting, in 1825, the *Fury* was wrecked, and the Expedition obliged to return home from its sleeveless errand. Of the loss of the *Fury* a very circumstantial account is given—very honourable to the parties concerned, but not very interesting beyond that consideration. We hardly think that the acknowledged skill and gallantry of the officers and men needed so much explaining.

Before going into the narrative, we beg to direct public attention to the prefixed official Instructions—one of the best written, clearest, and ablest papers which we ever perused, directing every movement, providing for every contingency, and shaping out every probable course which failure or success might render most expedient. To this masterly document there is a brief addendum, which it may be interesting to insert, as it connects itself with the expedition of Captain Franklin now in progress. It is signed by Mr. Croker, and says—

"In reference to that part of your general orders which relates to the ship intended to be sent in the autumn of 1827 to meet you, I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to communicate to you the following

additional information:—It is thought advisable, with a view of assisting the objects of Captain Franklin's Expedition, that the vessel intended to meet you in 1827 should endeavour to meet him in 1826. Her commander will, therefore, be directed to reach those latitudes in the summer of 1826, to make such discoveries and observations as may open themselves to him, and to look out for Captain Franklin, or even for you, if you should be so fortunate as to accomplish the passage in that year. He will remain in that neighbourhood as late as the season will admit, and will then repair to the Sandwich Islands, or to the nearest place where he may be able to replenish his provisions; when he will, as early as possible in the year 1827 (if you should not have already met him), proceed to act in the manner detailed in your instructions. He will mark his proceedings in 1826 by the erection of flag-staffs, or piles of stones; and with notices where may be found a dépôt of provisions, which he will leave on his departure that year, as well as in 1827."

Though of no avail to Captain Parry, it will gratify every heart to suppose that these arrangements are likely to be eminently useful to Captain Franklin, of whom we have the pleasant duty to inform our readers that he is going on (according to recent letters from him) most prosperously, having accomplished more in six weeks this year than he did before in six months. Provisions have been plentifully supplied, the men are all quite comfortable, and, in short, the worthy Captain writes as much at his ease as if he were only travelling from London to Edinburgh. But our business is with Captain Parry: when in winter quarters, masquerades were invented to amuse the tars, and we record this as the first incident of any importance. The gallant commander tells us—

"Every attention was, as usual, paid to the occupation and diversion of the men's minds, as well as to the regularity of their bodily exercise. Our former amusements being almost worn threadbare, it required some ingenuity to devise any plan that should possess the charm of novelty to recommend it. This purpose was completely answered, however, by a proposal of Captain Hoppner, to attempt a *masquerade*, in which officers and men should alike take a part, but which, without imposing any restraint whatever, would leave every one to their own choice, whether to join in this diversion or not. It is impossible that any idea could have proved more happy, or more exactly suited to our situation. Admirably-dressed characters of various descriptions readily took their parts, and many of these were supported with a degree of spirit and genuine humour which would not have disgraced a more refined assembly; while the latter might not have disdained, and would not have been disgraced by, copying the good order, decorum, and inoffensive cheerfulness which our humble masquerades presented. It does especial credit to the dispositions and good sense of our men, that,

though all the officers entered fully into the spirit of these amusements, which took place once a month, alternately on board each ship, no instance occurred of any thing that could interfere with the regular discipline, or at all weaken the respect of the men towards their superiors. Ours were masquerades without licentiousness—carnivals without excess."

Poor fellows! they had none of Charles Wright's Champagne, which we are induced to mention again, because, we are told, he is going to prosecute the *Literary Gazette* for a libel upon it:—the *Gazette*, we believe, said that it was so good that it must be (as he advertised) his own, and not nasty French stuff. Speaking of this, reminds us to mention that the Moon is not always round in the arctic circle: there is a picture of it in this book, where it is all sorts of shapes, all outs and ins, as the saying is, like . . . we have forgotten what.

"The animals seen at Port Bowen may now be briefly noticed. The principal of these (says the writer) seen during the winter were bears, of which we killed twelve from October to June, being more than during all the other voyages taken together; and several others were seen. One of these animals was near proving fatal to a seaman of the *Fury*, who having straggled from his companions when at the top of a high hill, saw a large bear coming towards him. Being unarmed, he prudently made off, taking off his boots to enable him to run the faster, but not so prudently precipitated himself over an almost perpendicular cliff, down which he was said to have rolled or fallen several hundred feet; here he was met by some of the people in so lacerated a condition, as to be in a very dangerous state for some time after. A she-bear, killed in the open water on our first arrival at Port Bowen, afforded a striking instance of maternal affection in her anxiety to save her two cubs. She might herself easily have escaped the boat, but would not forsake her young, which she was actually 'towing' off, by allowing them to rest on her back, when the boat came near them. A second similar instance occurred in the spring, when two cubs having got down into a large crack in the ice, their mother placed herself before them, so as to secure them from the attacks of our people, which she might easily have avoided herself. This unusual supply of bear's flesh was particularly serviceable as food for the Esquimaux dogs we had brought out, and which were always at work in a sledge; especially as, during the winter, our number was increased by the birth of six others of these useful animals. One or two foxes (*Canis lagopus*) were killed, and four caught in traps during the winter, weighing from four pounds and three-quarters to three pounds and three-quarters. The colour of one of these animals, which lived for some time on board the *Fury*, and became tolerably tame, was nearly pure white till the month of May, when he shed his winter-coat, and became of a dirty chocolate colour, with two or three light-brown spots. Only three hares (*Lepus variabilis*) were killed

from October to June, weighing from six to eight pounds and three-quarters. Their fur was extremely thick, soft, and of the most beautiful whiteness imaginable. We saw no deer near Port Bowen at any season, neither were we visited by their enemies the wolves. A single ermine and a few mice (*Mus Hudsonius*) complete, I believe, our scanty list of quadrupeds at this desolate and unproductive place. Of birds, we had a flock or two of ducks occasionally flying about the small lanes of open water in the offing, as late as the 3d of October; but none from that time till the beginning of June, and then only a single pair was occasionally seen. A very few grouse were met with also after our arrival at Port Bowen; a single specimen was obtained on the 23d of December, and another on the 18th of February. They again made their appearance towards the end of March, and in less than a month about two hundred were killed; after which we scarcely saw another; for what reason we could not conjecture, except that they might possibly be on their way to the northward, and that the utter barrenness of the land about Port Bowen afforded no inducement for their remaining in our neighbourhood. Lieutenant Ross, who paid great attention to ornithology, and who has himself drawn up the zoological notice given in the Appendix, remarked that the grouse met with here are of three kinds, namely, the ptarmigan (*Tetrao lagopus*), the rock-grouse (*Tetrao rupestris*), and the willow-partridge (*Tetrao albus*). Of these only the two former were seen in the spring, and by far the greater number killed were of the first-mentioned species. They usually had in their maws the leaves of the *Dryas integrifolia*, buds of the *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, *Salix Arctica*, and *Draba Alpina*, the quantities being according to the order in which the plants have here been named. A few leaves, also, of the *Polygonum viviparum* were found in one or two specimens. The snow-bunting, with its sprightly note, was, as usual, one of our earliest visitants in the spring; but these were few in number, and remained only a short time. A very few sandpipers were also seen, and now and then one or two glaucous, ivory, and kittiwake gulls. A pair of ravens appeared occasionally during the whole winter here, as at most of our former winter stations."

The temperature of the animals varied from 106° to 99°. The following is important, as encouraging our hopes of Captain Franklin's success. Lieutenants Sherer and Ross were sent out on excursions to the South and North.

"These parties found the travelling along shore so good as to enable them not only to reach those spots, but to extend their journeys far beyond them. Lieutenant Ross returning on the 16th, brought the welcome intelligence of the sea being perfectly open and free from ice at the distance of twenty-two miles to the northward of Port Bowen, by which I concluded—what, indeed, had long before been a matter of probable conjecture—that Barrow's Strait was not permanently frozen during the winter. From the tops of the hills about Cape York, beyond which promontory Lieutenant Ross travelled, no appearance of ice could be distinguished. Innumerable ducks, chiefly of the king, elder, and long-tailed species, were flying about near the margin of the ice, besides dovekies, loons, and glaucous, kittiwake, and ivory gulls."

On July 20th, the vessels were enabled to leave their dreary nine months' abode; the summer was so fine as to induce a greater regret that its predecessor had been so severe;

but the accident to the *Fury* prevented the employment of this promising season. In August, Captain Parry states—

"The summer of 1825 was, beyond all doubt, the warmest and most favourable we had experienced since that of 1818. Not more than two or three days occurred during the months of July and August, in which that heavy fall of snow took place which so commonly converts the aspect of nature in these regions, in a single hour, from the cheerfulness of summer into the dreariness of winter. Indeed, we experienced very little either of snow, rain, or fog; vegetation, wherever the soil allowed any to spring up, was extremely luxuriant and forward: a great deal of the old snow, which had lain on the ground during the last season, was rapidly dissolving even early in August; and every appearance of nature exhibited a striking contrast with the last summer, while it seemed evidently to furnish an extraordinary compensation for its rigour and inclemency. We have scarcely ever visited a coast on which so little of animal life occurs. For days together, only one or two seals, a single sea-horse, and now and then a flock of ducks, were seen. I have already mentioned, however, as an exception to this scarcity of animals, the numberless kittiwakes which were flying about the remarkable spout of water; and we were one day visited, at the place where the *Fury* was left, by hundreds of white whales sporting about in the shoal water close to the beach. No black whales were ever seen on this coast. Two rein-deer were observed by the gentlemen who extended their walks inland; but this was the only summer in which we did not procure a single pound of venison. Indeed the whole of our supplies obtained in this way during the voyage, including fish, flesh, and fowl, did not exceed twenty pounds per man."

At the end of eighteen months, the Expedition was over, and all safely returned except two men, the one of whom was drowned, and the other died, having met with an accident which affected his spine.

An Appendix, occupying one half of the volume, contains much scientific matter; but, as we have said, we can only refer to it very partially. After mentioning some observations on currents, &c., Captain P. says—

"These facts, when taken together, have long ago impressed me with an idea, that there must exist in the Polar Regions some general motion of the sea towards the west, causing the ice to set in that direction, when not impelled by contrary winds, or local and occasional currents, until it butts against those shores which are actually found to be most encumbered by it. In confirmation of this idea, I am enabled to adduce some more definite observations, which would appear to tend to the same result."

But this is no new discovery! on the contrary, it is as old as our oldest navigators.\* It is the chief reason assigned by Dampier for attempting the passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, rather than from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Still we are glad to find this doctrine corroborated by Capt. Parry, and hope yet to see it acted upon.

We regret to have the intelligent author come to the following conclusion:—

"I am much mistaken, indeed, if the North-West Passage ever becomes the business of a single summer; nay, I believe that nothing

\* To these Capt. P. pays the warmest tribute. The accuracy with which Hudson, Baffin, Davis, &c. improved geography and navigation, is, as he observes, quite astonishing.

but a concurrence of very favourable circumstances is likely even to make a single winter in the ice sufficient for its accomplishment. But this is no argument against the possibility of final success; for we now know that a winter in the ice may be passed not only in safety, but in health and comfort."

The zoological and botanical, &c. portions of the Appendix are too dry to admit of extract; and of the geology we need only take the very important conclusions of Dr. Jameson of Edinburgh.

"The observations made during the four Arctic Expeditions, viz. that under Captain Ross, and the three under Captain Parry, afford the following general facts and inferences:—1. That the regions explored abound in primitive and transition rocks, and that, although the secondary rocks occupy considerable tracts, still their extent is more limited than that of the older formations; that the alluvial deposits are not extensive; that true or modern volcanic rocks were nowhere met with; and that the only traces of the tertiary strata were found in the sandstones and clays connected with the secondary traps of Baffin's Bay. 2. That the primitive and transition islands were, in all probability, at one time connected together, and formed a continuous mass with the continental parts of America; and that, in the plains and hollows of this land were deposited the secondary limestones, sandstones, gypsum, and coal, and upon these again the tertiary rocks. 3. That, after the deposition of these secondary and tertiary rocks, the land appears to have been broken up, and reduced either suddenly or by degrees, or partly by sudden and violent action, and partly by the long-continued agency of the atmosphere and the ocean, into its present insular and peninsular form; and that, consequently, the secondary and tertiary formations were formerly, in those regions, more extensively distributed than they are at present. 4. That, previously to the deposition of the coal formation, as that of Melville Island, the transition and primitive hills and plains supported a rich and luxuriant vegetation, principally of cryptogamous plants, especially tree ferns, the prototypes of which are now met with only in the tropical regions of the earth. The fossil corals of the secondary limestones also intimate that, before, during, and after the deposition of the coal formation, the waters of the ocean were so constituted as to support polyparia closely resembling those of the present equatorial seas. 5. That, previously to and during the deposition of the tertiary strata, these now frozen regions supported forests of dicotyledonous trees, as is shewn by the fossil dicotyledonous woods met with in connexion with these strata in Baffin's Bay, and by the fossil wood of Melville Island, Cape York, and Byam Martin Island. 6. That the boulders or rolled blocks met with in different quarters, and in tracts distant from their original localities, afford evidence of the passage of water across them, and at a period subsequent to the deposition of the newest solid strata, namely, those of the tertiary class. 7. That nowhere are there any discoverable traces of the agency of modern volcanoes, and we may add that in the Arctic Regions the only known appearances of this kind are those in Jan Mayen's Island, described by Scoresby. 8. That the only intimations of early volcanic action are those afforded by the presence of secondary trap rocks, such as basalt, greenstone, trap-tufa, and amygdaloid. 9. That the black bituminous coal, the coal of the oldest

coal formation, which some speculators maintain to be confined to the more temperate and warmer regions of the earth, is now proved, by its discovery in Melville Island, far to the west, and in Jameson's land, far to the east, in Old Greenland, to form an interesting and important feature in the geognostical constitution of Arctic countries. 10. That the red sandstone of Possession Bay, &c., renders it probable that rock-salt may occur in that quarter. 11. That, although no new metalliferous compounds have occurred to gratify the curiosity of the mineralogist, yet the regions explored by Captain Parry have afforded various interesting and highly useful ores, such as octahedral or magnetic iron ore, rhomboidal or red iron ore, prismatic or brown iron ore, and prismatic chrome ore or chromate of iron; also the common ore of copper, or copper pyrites, molybdena glance, or sulphuret of molybdena; ore of titanium, and that interesting and valuable mineral, graphite or black lead. 12. That the gems, the most valued and most beautiful of mineral substances, are not wanting in the Arctic Regions visited by the Expeditions, is proved by the great abundance of the precious garnet, which we doubt not will be found, on more particular examination of the primitive rocks, to present all the beautiful colours and elegant forms for which it is so much admired. Rock-crystal, another of the gems, was met with, and also beryl and zircon. 13. That these newly-discovered lands exhibit the same general geognostical arrangements as occur in all other extensive tracts of country hitherto examined by the naturalist; a fact which strengthens that opinion which maintains that the grand features of nature, in the mineral kingdom, are every where similar, and, consequently, that the same general agencies must have prevailed generally during the formation of the solid mass of the earth. 14. Lastly, that the apparent irregularities which at first sight present themselves to our attention in the grand arrangements in the mineral kingdom, are the offspring of our own feeble powers of observation, and disappear when the phenomena are examined in all their relations. It is then indeed that the mind obtains those enduring and sublime views of the power of the Deity, which in geology reward the patient observer, raise one of the most beautiful and interesting departments of natural science to its true rank, and prove that its relations connect, as it were, in the scale of magnitude, the phenomena of the earth with those more extensive arrangements presented to our intelligence in the planetary system, and in the grand framework of the universe itself."

We have only to add that the plates are neatly executed—the stupendous iceberg, and the nutshell ship contending against it, are subjects for the reflecting mind to dwell upon, and revert to the intrepidity and patience of the brave fellows who have composed these Expeditions.

*Casswallon, King of Britain. A Tragedy.* By Edward Gandy, Author of "Lorenzo the Outcast Son," &c. &c. 3vo. London, 1826. R. Glynn.

INWARDLY imbued with the Lear and Richard of Shakespeare, Mr. Gandy has here adventured upon the high achievement of writing a Tragedy. Not to fail altogether in such a composition is some praise; and to acquit oneself respectably, as the author has done, is yet more creditable. The period chosen is that of the invasion of Britain by Julius Caesar, to whom

Casswallon is opposed. Caradoc, his nephew, is the villain of the play, not only traitorous to his uncle and sovereign, but plotting against the life of Belli, a famous warrior of the Britons, and secretly married to Daralutha, Casswallon's only daughter. We do not consider it necessary to thread the intricacies of the several machinations of Caradoc, which are ultimately discovered and punished, but not without destroying the gentle Daralutha and the heroic Belli. We have alluded to two plays to which Mr. Gandy approaches too much to be so original as is to be desired in works of a superior order. Casswallon is as easily blinded as Lear in the early scenes, but does nothing afterwards to redeem his character from the degradation of joining to betray the bravest of his subjects. His treacherous reception of Belli, after he has agreed to his prejudice, debases him below the station in which we imagine the author desired him to be considered. A royal dissembler can never rank among good characters; and Casswallon is a loud dissembler, for these are the words with which he greets the man whom he mistrusts:—

"Let all our trumpets bellow to the skies—  
Let every joyous instrument resound—  
Till the full swell of rapture loads the gale,  
And sends the applauding music to the gods—  
While thus a monarch presses to his heart  
The conqueror of Rome!"

Caradoc bears too close a likeness to Edmund, and Daralutha to Cordelia: Belli is the most spirited character, and there is some merit in Dungeithlin, a warrior who enters into Caradoc's schemes, but is occasionally doubtful and finally repentant. From the similarities we have noticed, it follows that many of the leading passages in the tragedy look too much like imitations: we shall, however, quote a few pages of the best, as an encouragement to a writer of some power and fair promise. Belli has been doomed to die, and Daralutha endeavours to melt her father in his behalf:—

*Daralutha (kneeling).* Yet hear me, oh, my father! hear me yet!

And by the fondness thou till now hast felt  
For Daralutha,—by the perfect love  
Which thou didst bear to her that gave me birth,—  
By all thy hopes of good for days to come,—  
Be merciful—be merciful!

*Casswallon.* Thy prayers are vain.  
Though the strong ties of love and brotherhood  
Fetter'd the will of justice—mercy dies.

*Dara.* Then what a fearful business is a king's,  
If ought can smoothe the rigid hand of power!

But 'tis the gracious exercise of mercy  
In which the strength of power is nobly shown,  
Giving to man the likeness of a god.

*[Casswallon rises and comes forward: she follows]*  
Dare to throw off the king, and be a god!

Oh, give me peace—and dare to be a father!

*Cass.* Why wilt thou add new tortures to my heart  
By unavailing tears? His crimes have passed  
Beyond the utmost reach of clemency.

—Leave me, my child—I cannot bear thy tears.  
*Lirian (to her).* Behold, he hesitates—assail again—  
For when the mind's in doubt, the lightest word  
May bias to the issue that we wish.

*Cass.* (to herself.) Am I then king,  
Yet want the power of mercy where I list?  
*Dara.* Methinks I caught sweet music in one word—  
Oh, speak the word again—that one word mercy,  
And it will bring eternal blessings on thee!

*Cara.* Friends of ambition, aid my purposes!

*[Aside, and exit.]*  
*Cass.* Oh, why are monarchs made in human mould?

They should have flinty hearts—sweet music no more  
Bear this assault of tears. Pride of mine age,  
Gaze not upon me thus—nor see thy grief  
O'er-mastering manhood here. I would be stern,—  
But that most desolate look pierces my heart,  
And wakes a parent's pity.—*Daralutha—*  
(How like her mother!)—no,—my child—my child—  
Thou shalt not hate thy father.—He is saved!  
Thy sorrows have prevailed—his life is thine!

*Dara.* (throwing herself at the king's feet in ecstasy.)  
Oh—my father still—my bursting heart o'erflows  
With blessings—blessings!

*Cass.* And if time to come  
Point out Casswallon as the king who sold  
His kingdom's justice to a daughter's tears—

*Dara.* A daughter's tears shall wash the memory out.

*Cass.* There—there—this symbol bears my power of life—

*[Gives a signet.]*  
Haste, ere accusing thoughts force on my heart  
The fear of endless scorn, incurred for thee.

A king whose summer-life was given to greatness,  
Now, when his locks begin to feel the touch  
Of wintry age—subdued by tears—go, go—  
I must away to rouse the chiefs. My child,  
Thou'lt saved a husband at thy father's cost.

*[Exit.]*  
*Dara.* No; there are gods above, who judge the heart,  
Whose eyes still read each charitable thought,  
Whose hands will register this gracious deed—  
And they, from whom all mercy emanates,  
Shall double mercy on the merciful!

*[A deep solemn strain of trumpets at some distance.]*  
Hah—hark—the dismal note of sacrifice!  
Already they are dragging him to death!  
On, Euridalla, ere it be too late—  
Fly—swift as thought—away—or all is lost!

*[Re-ent.]*  
In style there are a good many examples of inattention, or of want of skill and experience.

Notions

"Fit to fright the puling soul of childhood,"

gives us one of the lines which no construction or pronunciation can make poetry. The following is also bad—

"C. Behold the storm has timely passed away,  
D. So are the clouds that loomed upon my mind."

Mr. Gandy is also very fond of the epithet *full*. Such a thing is "full hardly" done; and an indifferent dominion is a "full poor principedom."

Recommending to the author the avoidance of such defects, and a greater reliance on his own invention, we shall take up any other production of his pen with expectations of some gratification, though certainly not of the foremost order.

*The Odd Volume.* 12mo. pp. 375. Edinburgh, D. Lizars; Glasgow, T. Ogilvie; and London, G. B. Whittaker.

THE oddest part of this volume to us, is that among its collection of tales, (about fourteen in number,) we are not sure which, if any, may be new, which may be remodels of old acquaintance, or which may literally be the old acquaintances themselves, with somewhat of forgotten faces. It may be, therefore, that we shall drug some of our readers, of better memories, with an exemplary story previously well known to them. If we do happen upon this mistake, we trust that the page of the Gazette will not be quite lost upon others, who, like ourselves, manage to find amusement even in repetitions.

The tales are of various kinds, and also of qualities: several very good, several of less observable merit, and several which, though well told and entertaining in the narrative, rather disappoint you by lame and impotent conclusions. Emily Butler, a domestic incident of considerable interest,—is followed by the Mysterious Invalid, from La Motte Fongue, and that again by Number-Nip, a more ancient German legend: shorter pieces succeed, of fairy humour and pathos; the best of the familiar being, in our opinion, the Miller of Doune; though Dodimus Doolittle is likewise amusing, if it "made a good end on't," which it does not. Of the melancholy relations, we prefer the Widow's Nuptials, and from it shall take our illustration.

Wilhelm and Isabella are a happy and "matchless pair," blessed in union, and with one sweet boy to augment the measure of their love. Unhappily, Count Ruprecht, a cherished friend of both, is unable to repel a wild and overwhelming passion for Isabella. He struggles most strenuously against the dominion of the resistless tyrant; and another friend, Count Berthold, (aware of his state of mind,) steps in to rescue him from the danger in which his ill-placed love has involved him and



the object of his too ardent affection. By the overturning of the carriage in which Ruprecht and Berthold are leaving the abode of Wilhelm, the former is dreadfully hurt; and, during his illness, confesses his secret to the wife of his friend, the watchful nurse and soother of his own sick bed. Offended and distressed, she commands him to see her no more; and Berthold carries him away on travels for two years, in the hope that he will forget his fatal passion. Isabella is thus left to peace, and to the society of a husband to whom her entire soul is devoted: a year has elapsed, and the story proceeds:—

"In the splendid theatre at Milan, Count Ruprecht heard intelligence which put his soul in tumults. A countryman whom he met there, and who was not aware of the interest his tale excited, incidentally mentioned Isabella as the beautiful widow for whose hand all that was noble and estimable in her native town were contending. It was with extreme difficulty that Count Ruprecht could command himself to speak with any degree of calmness, and to listen with apparent composure to the circumstances the gentleman related; by which it appeared, that almost immediately after the friends had left Mannheim, Wilhelm also had been called away to the death-bed of an only and favourite sister, who resided in Italy;—but there he never arrived. How he had perished was never ascertained, but too certainly he was lost to his family for ever. Isabella had now been a widow nearly a year, but her grief was unabated. She lived in total solitude, and devoted herself entirely to the care of her blooming boy. Almost stupefied with this intelligence, it was with some difficulty that Count Ruprecht made his way to his friend, who was on the other side of the theatre. Count Berthold was surprised and alarmed at his agitated manner, but a motion from him, entreating silence, was attended to, and they instantly proceeded to their hotel. On reaching their apartment, Count Ruprecht pressed his friend in his arms, exclaiming, 'She is mine! she is mine!' 'Explain yourself, for Heaven's sake,' said his friend. 'She is free!—Isabella is mine!' A considerable time elapsed before Count Berthold could obtain any thing but broken exclamations of rapture; but at length he discovered the cause of all this ecstacy, and he heard it with mingled sensations. He felt deep regret for the untimely fate of Wilhelm, thus suddenly torn from life and happiness; and he could not reflect without a pang on the agonies of the attached wife, bereaved of him who was her best supporter and guide. These thoughts also saddened, momentarily, the mind of Count Ruprecht; but in spite of his better feelings, joy predominated, and he drew a vivid picture of the bliss he would feel when restored to the society of his adored Isabella. Count Berthold had many misgivings on this subject. He knew intimately the steadiness of her character, and the strength of her affection for her husband, and he doubted much whether she could ever feel a second attachment. However, the attempt must be made, and, compassionating the impatience and anxiety of his friend, he hastened their arrangements, and by break of day they were travelling rapidly homewards. As they gradually approached their destination, the hopes of Count Ruprecht became less strong. All the fears and timidity attendant on a true passion assailed him, and he so magnified the virtues of Isabella, and his own unworthiness to possess such a treasure, that, by the time they reached

Mannheim, he was in a state of despair. This was increased on finding that Isabella invariably denied access to every one—that their request to be permitted to pay their respects to her was refused, and with a gentle firmness which deprived them of every hope. The solicitations of Count Ruprecht, at first distantly respectful, gradually assumed the tone of ardent passion, the only effect of which was a command from Isabella not to disturb her sorrows and embitter her existence by marks of an affection which she could not return, and to which she was resolved never to listen."

The devoted lover has now no enjoyment on earth but in nightly concealing himself in the garden of Isabella, and indulging in the secret delight of sometimes seeing her move and hearing her voice. His health was gradually declining, when at last accident befriended him: one night, the mansion of his adored mistress was suddenly involved in flames, and Ruprecht, at the risk of his own life, saves that of the son of Isabella—gratitude, consequently, obtains for him that sacrifice which no other feeling could prompt.

"The meeting between Isabella and the count was affecting in the extreme. Her lively gratitude was equalled only by his joy at having been the means of preserving to her the sole consolation of her widowed heart. Every caress which she bestowed on her boy imparted to him the purest satisfaction; for he felt that to him she was indebted for her happiness, and to promote the happiness of Isabella was a blessing he would have purchased with life itself. On examination, it was found that the arm which was broken was also dreadfully burnt. The good Dr. Achenwahl looked very grave, ordered every application likely to give him relief, and remained with him. By night the fever rose to an alarming height, and the wounded arm resumed such an appearance as convinced the worthy doctor that amputation was necessary to save his life. This he communicated to Isabella and Count Berthold, and begged that the latter would prepare his friend to submit instantly to the operation. He was by no means sanguine that even this would save him, but it was his only chance for life, and he requested Count Berthold to hasten to him, while he made the necessary preparations. Count Berthold repaired to the apartment of his friend, leaving Isabella alone to indulge her grief. Her tears fell fast as she thought of what was likely to be the fate of the youthful and ardent count, drawn on him by his love for her:—a passion which to him had produced only evil, and which would probably end in death. After a short absence, Count Berthold returned. In hurried accents, he told Isabella that his unhappy friend would not consent to the operation, and that he entreated to see her, while yet he was sensible to the blessing of her presence. Isabella hastened to him. At sight of his loved idol, his eyes, already lighted by fever, shone with a double brilliancy, and the paleness of his cheek gave way to a hectic glow. She approached him, and, gently taking his burning hand in hers, said, in a tremulous voice, 'Ah! count, what is this I hear? you refuse to preserve your life. You wish, then, to pierce me with grief, to embitter my future days, to poison the happiness I feel at the preservation of my child, by the recollection that it was purchased by the life of a dear friend.' The count looked on her, but spoke not. Isabella covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. At length she resumed her entreaties, but in a voice broken with sobs. 'Must I then implore you in vain? will you not deign

to listen to my entreaties? ah! count, will you add to my afflictions?' 'Isabella,' replied the count, 'I feel that my last hour is fast approaching, and I hail it with joy. That I have loved you, you know; but how loved, your gentle heart and mild nature can never comprehend. Since I may not live for you, at least deny me not the happiness of dying for you.' The agitation of Isabella increased. She trembled, and endeavoured to speak, but the words died away on her pale lips. At length, by a violent effort, she subdued, in part, her emotion, and said, in faltering accents, 'No, count, you must not die—you must live for me,'—and rushed from the apartment. But although Isabella deprived Count Ruprecht of her presence, she could not take from him the sweet hope which had sprung up in his heart. Life now became dear to him, and, with unshrinking fortitude and an unaltered countenance, he submitted to the painful operation, and a few weeks saw him restored to tranquillity and strength. In proportion, however, as the health of the count improved, that of Isabella declined. Hers was a heart which could love but once. In yielding to the count, she made a sacrifice to gratitude, and that it was a sacrifice, her pale cheek and languid step too plainly testified. With true generosity, however, she endeavoured to conceal her extreme reluctance to their union, and did not oppose the preparations for the marriage, which, with all the ardour of a lover, the count hurried on. Her obvious indisposition she attributed to the agony she had so lately endured, and she even forced a faint smile when the count drew vivid pictures of the happiness which awaited them. The time fixed for their union was fast approaching, and yet, strange to say, the count was not happy. He was at times wildly gay, but these feelings were often succeeded by fits of gloomy abstraction, during which he shunned all converse, and, burying himself in the neighbouring forests, would spend days in its dark recesses. Count Berthold at length drew from him his secret. He acknowledged he was unhappy—that the most gloomy forebodings filled his mind. He felt that he had erred—he knew that he had merited and would receive punishment—he feared to involve the innocent Isabella in his sufferings, and yet he could not resolve to resign her. He was haunted continually by a dread of some disaster, of some fatal event which would snatch her from him. The few days preceding that fixed for the marriage were passed by the count in indescribable misery; but on the morning of the nuptial day he had disappeared. Isabella, dreading every moment some fatal intelligence, sat the image of consternation,—while Count Berthold, after despatching people in every direction, hurried to the forest, and in one of its most savage spots found the object of their search, in a state of mind bordering on distraction. His diseased imagination represented to him that the period of his punishment was now arrived, and that some fatal catastrophe was about to take place. With great difficulty did Count Berthold prevail on him to return to the house, where the joyful exclamation of Isabella on seeing him dissipated half his fears, and in another hour she was saluted a bride."

To lighten the too much excited feelings of all the parties, they agree to leave home for a while; and their journey towards Italy presents several scenes of picturesque interest.

"How glad I am," said Isabella, as the party left Zurich, 'how glad I am to leave that dismal town. The gloomy st. Inness which reigns over it is quite appalling. The place appears



once to have enjoyed some splendour, which is now gone for ever, the recollection of which must add pungency to its present desolation.' A deep sigh followed these words. 'Is it not possible,' said Count Ruprecht, 'that other sources of happiness may arise to replace those which have been lost?' 'You are right, my love,' replied Isabella, looking kindly on him, 'you are right. New blessings may be granted to the unhappy. It would be criminal in them to shut their hearts to every joy, because the idol they worshipped, perhaps too fondly, is taken from them. I feel this now, and you, perhaps, at no distant period may be doomed to feel it also.' 'Speak not thus, my Isabella, I implore you; oh, rack not my heart with such dismal forebodings! I know I have not deserved your love, yet I live only in the hope of seeing happiness beam again in these mild eyes.' 'Yes, yes,' replied Isabella, 'doubt not that I shall again smile gayly; but even while she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and anxious to conceal her emotion, she complained of the bright sunshine, and drew her veil over her face, nor did she raise it until they reached their destination for the night, when, pleading fatigue, she immediately retired to her chamber. Depressed, in consequence of the foregoing conversation, restless and unhappy, Count Ruprecht left the auberge, and wandered out alone. He was followed by Count Berthold, who found him stretched on the turf beneath a spreading oak, and gazing at the spangled firmament. 'What! not happy yet?' exclaimed Count Berthold; 'whence this dejection? How comes it, that, possessed as you now are of the blessing you so earnestly coveted, you are still desponding, still miserable?' 'Do not,' replied Count Ruprecht, 'imagine me insensible to my happiness. Ah! how far would that supposition be from the truth! No! Isabella is a thousand times more dear to me than ever. I live but in her presence, and would willingly shed my blood to spare her a single sigh; but the very excess of my attachment forms my misery. I feel as if I were about to lose her—an indistinct presentiment of evil continually haunts me. I never pass near a precipice, without dreading that she is to fall over it. I never contemplate a mountain-torrent, without fancying that I see her struggling against its violence. Nay, do not attempt to argue with me. I feel that this fatal journey is to consummate my misery, and remembrance and consolation will be alike unavailing.' A kind request from Isabella, who now approached, that he would no longer expose himself to the night air, had more effect in removing Count Ruprecht's dejection, than all the endeavours of his friend; and in a more cheerful frame of mind he returned to the house."

A few days brought the travellers to the celebrated Convent of St. Bernard, and the tale thus concludes—

"A few paces from the convent, they were met by a lay-brother, who welcomed the weary travellers with mild courtesy. By him they were carried to the refectory, where they were received with warm hospitality by the venerable prior. Isabella could with difficulty persuade herself that she was really an inhabitant of that dwelling, which, like the ark of the deluge, is devoted to the preservation of human life. Several of the brotherhood now entered, and hastened to offer every assistance to the travellers. The night had closed in, and the flickering lamp, suspended from the roof of the apartment, threw a softened shade on the countenances of the benevolent monks, who busied themselves in heaping piles of wood on

the hearth. One of the brotherhood took the sleeping Albert from the arms of his mother, and laid him gently on a pallet at his side, while a large dog stretched himself close by the child, as if to guard its slumbers. Refreshments were now placed before the travellers, and after they had partaken of them, the whole party arranged themselves round the blazing hearth. Although these benevolent men had long since left the busy scenes of life, they yet retained a lively interest in the transactions of the period, and they listened with eagerness to the information which their guests willingly imparted; in return, the prior gave them a brief account of the first founder of this noble establishment, its revenues, and many other particulars connected with the convent. The good prior's hearers became deeply interested, when he went on to describe their mode of life, and the perils they so frequently encountered, to save the adventurous traveller from destruction. 'One stormy evening in winter,' said he, 'as we were about to retire to rest, we fancied that faint cries mingled with the howlings of the blast. The alarm was instantly given, the brotherhood assembled, and several of them, accompanied by myself and our faithful dogs sallied forth. But the cries had ceased, and no traces of the sufferers could be found. Suddenly one of the dogs bounded forward, howled fearfully, and began to dig the snow with his feet. We then knew that some human being lay buried. We hurried on, and, guided by the moans of the dog, soon arrived at the fatal spot. We set instantly to work. A moment lost might render unavailing all our efforts, and in breathless anxiety we removed the masses of snow. Nothing was to be seen, and we were about to discontinue our operations and leave the spot, when the dog redoubled his howlings, and endeavoured again to tear up the snow. We persevered yet longer, and in a short time discovered the body of the unfortunate traveller. He was borne quickly into the convent, and a slight pulsation being perceptible, every means were used for his recovery. After a lapse of some hours, he opened his eyes, and gazed once around him. I supported him in my arms,—he looked up as if about to speak to me. His pale lips moved as if in prayer. 'My wife, my child,' were the only words I caught, and turning his face from me, he breathed his last. Yes, he expired on that pallet on which the child is now reposing, and we lamented over him as if he had been our brother, for there was something in the expression of his noble countenance which won all our hearts.' 'Too surely,' said Isabella, 'too surely, the loss of the husband and father would be wept with bitter tears. Knew you from whence he came?' 'Of his name and country,' replied the prior, 'I am ignorant. There were no papers or letters on his person to afford any clue to his history. His guide we supposed to have also perished, for no trace of him has ever been discovered.' The great bell of the convent now tolled, and the venerable prior courteously intimating that it was time to retire, conducted his guests to their separate dormitories, and left them to their repose. On meeting her friends at the morning repast, the pale countenance and heavy eyes of Isabella were instantly observed. 'Our keen mountain breezes have stolen the colour from your lady's cheek,' said the good prior. 'They have indeed robbed her of all her bloom,' replied Count Ruprecht; 'but I trust the warm gales of the south will restore it.' 'Yes, yes,' said Isabella, 'I am sure I shall soon be better.' 'You must rest here

awhile,' rejoined the prior; 'your strength is evidently impaired by your long journey. But see, the sun has burst forth in glowing brilliancy. Follow me, and I shall shew you the wonders of this region.' Isabella, leaning on her husband's arm, and holding her son by the hand, followed the steps of the prior and Count Berthold, until they came to a building, through whose grated windows the mountain breeze rushed wildly. It was the mountain Receptacle of the Dead, where, by the chill purity of the atmosphere, are preserved, in undecaying freshness, the bodies of those unfortunate individuals who, from time to time, have been dug from amongst the snow. They entered, but started back with horror as their eyes fell on the ghastly countenances, ranged upright, side by side, in mournful silence. Features, forms, unchanged—the lips half parted, they appeared like marble statues just bursting into life. 'Nay, fear not this silent company,' said the prior to Isabella, who, horror-struck, was turning to leave the scene. 'Look once on the subject of my tale last night. His calm smile still lingers there.' Isabella glanced around, and then a shriek, long and wild, broke from her ashy lips. The child quitted her hand, and, running to the figure with outstretched arms, clasped its knees, crying out, 'Ah! why do you stay in this cold place, father, and not come home? Come away with us.' Isabella rushed forward, and the body, moved by Albert from its support bent towards her. She opened her arms, and wife, husband, and child, were hurled to the earth. Fixed, immovable as the dead around him, Count Ruprecht gazed on the scene. The prior and Count Berthold raised the unfortunate Isabella, who burst from their grasp, and throwing herself on her knees beside Wilhelm, she widely kissed his marble forehead and icy lips; then clasping her arms around him, she cried out, 'Forgive me, dearest and only beloved, forgive me. I loved him not. No—no—never—it was gratitude alone—gratitude for the preservation of my child, whose dearest claim on my heart was, that he was your child also. Will you not forgive your Isabella? What! Not one little word?'—Then, as if from the depths of a broken heart, there came one long fearful cry; and the dead lay upon the dead."

The tale which exhibits the peril of speaking carelessly before children, is, perhaps, too horrible to inculcate the moral lesson intended: more probable events would have a better effect. But altogether the Odd Volume will be found an excellent lounging miscellany, and as such we vouch for it.

#### SOUTH AMERICAN MINES.

*Miers' Travels in Chile, &c.* 2 vols. 8vo.

WHEN we condensed from these volumes the account of a sanguinary expedition against the Indians, we promised to take some notice of a portion of them probably better worth the while of this commercial age—we allude to the mining speculations in these parts, where a good deal of British capital and a great deal of British hopes are at issue.

In the first place, we are startled with an opinion that it would be much better for all the London Associations for extracting ore from Chile mines to become mere capitalists (habilitados), employing the native miners (mineros) to work the mines, upon terms to return so much of the produce, than to attempt working them by their own servants and labourers. The Chileños, the author avers, are such skilful miners, (instead of being ignorant and slothful as re-

presented in our Schemes), that it will be in vain for European science, mechanical means, and knowledge, to compete with their cheap and simple, yet effective processes for getting the ore to the surface. He says, with great force—

"On my arrival in Chile every thing appeared to be irrationally contrived and barbarously managed; but the more I became acquainted with the people and their customs, the more I saw of the country and its productions, the better I understood the capabilities of the land, the more I discovered ingenuity in that which I before considered barbarous, and could trace a far better adaptation of those means to the condition of the people, and the present nature of the country, than our own English notions could possibly have contrived."

"Another consideration, which will operate powerfully against the success of mining companies, is the absolute impossibility of employing any considerable capital in mining speculations, much less the immense sums contemplated in England. It will be seen, from the modes adopted in the country, how little capital is actually employed therein; and there is an evident relation between the scantiness of capital and the scantiness of population. It is clearly deducible from the simplest principles of political economy, that the one cannot operate without the other; and any attempt to force capital into employment, so as to raise the demand for labour beyond what can be supplied, must raise wages, and lessen profits. This has been proved at the very outset in Mexico, where the suddenly increased demand for labourers has augmented the price of wages above ten-fold, and this advance will be increasing in proportion to the projected employment of workmen."

"The period during which the miners actually work does not amount to much more than half the time occupied by labourers in England. They work only from sunrise to sunset, taking, in the middle of the day, their long siesta of two hours, like ordinary peons: on the numerous feast-days they never work at all; so that the productiveness of mines, on these accounts, is less than it ought to be. The mines, in most instances, are situated far in the interior of a hilly and difficultly accessible country, whence the conveyance of fuel and materials is enormously expensive, and the transport of the product to the places of embarkation is attended with almost incredible charges. It is impossible to calculate on the serious impediments which the increased demand for materials and conveyance of products would occasion, should any of the British mining companies endeavour to push the working of the mines much beyond their present extent."

The circumstantial description of all the operations—washing, amalgamating, &c. &c., which follows, proves at once the rudeness and efficacy of the native processes. As an example we may quote the account of the most philosophical part of a mining establishment:—

"In every gold mine a practico is employed, who is paid at the rate of ten dollars for his services, while the common labourer, or capachero, gets only four dollars, and the barretero six dollars a month. The practico takes a sample from the workings several times in the day, and assays it; for as the gold ore is not distinguishable from common rock, he requires this assistance to guide his otherwise uncertain operations. The mode of assaying is very simple; the pieces of ores are selected, and laid upon a hollow stone, always kept at the mouth

of the mine for the purpose: the miner holds another round stone in his right hand, with which he crushes the sample, protecting it from flying out by means of his left hand: having thus ground the sample to a fine powder, he puts it into his assaying instrument, which is a large bullock's horn, and agitates it carefully in the water with his fingers, by which more of the earthy matter becomes separated: this done, he pours fresh water into the horn, agitates it, and suffers it to drain off the sediment, which is repeated three or four times, till only a small portion of the powder is left; a little water is added, the powder is stirred round by the finger; and finally, by a dexterous twisting inclination of the horn, he contrives to bring all the minute gold particles the ore may contain into a fine fringe upon the margin of the remaining earthy matter; by which rude operation, with constant practice and consequent dexterity, he can pronounce with confidence as to the relative qualities of the different samples, although the quantity of gold on most occasions must be a very small fractional part of a grain. The whole process is effected in less than three minutes."

"The mines of silver generally are very poor; some, of amazing richness, are said to have been formerly wrought by the Spaniards, which have soon become exhausted, and in some few cases lost by inundations."

The latter we should imagine are the best suited for the efforts of European powers; but the traditions concerning them are frequently much exaggerated.

After this general chapter relating the real state of the mines in Chile, Mr. Miers comes to the affair of English companies to work them, and he says, it is most plainly shewn "that English projects for mining on a large scale, with great capitals, cannot be accomplished. That this is so, was well known to many persons in London who had been in the country, and to many more who had correspondents there. It was particularly well known to every native who was not a mere peasant. Yet persons in this country, the best informed of the real state of Chile, and of the utter impossibility of employing any considerable sum of money in mining with the least chance of its being productive of any profit whatever, put forth proposals for raising immense sums from the credulity of persons less informed than themselves, for the purpose, as it was pretended, of working mines of gold, silver, and copper, which were to produce immense profits. After some time, a company, called the 'Chilian Mining Association,' was formed, and of this company, with a nominal capital of 'One Million Sterling, His Excellency Don Mariano de Esgana, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Chile, and late a Judge of the Tribunal of Mines in that State,' became the 'President.' Soon after the formation of this company, another company 'came out,' under the title of 'Anglo-Chilian Mining Association,' with a nominal capital of 'One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling, established with the sanction and approbation of His Excellency Don Mariano de Esgana, as Minister Plenipotentiary from the Chilian Government.' But as speculation seemed inexhaustible, and credulous people were eager to become partners in joint stock South American mining companies, another company also 'came out,' under the title of 'Chilian and Peruvian Mining Association, Capital, One Million Sterling;' and the prospectus declared that 'one of the first objects of this Association is to undertake the

working of copper mines, and to form smelting establishments in the neighbourhood of Coquimbo, Guasco, and Copiapo."

Mr. Miers next dissects the prospectuses of these companies; of the first two he says, from his knowledge of the country, that they are "great exaggerations, holding out delusive hopes which never can be realised."

"By a mining district" (he states) "is usually understood extensive metalliferous beds, which have been, or are, capable of being worked upon a large scale; such, for instance, as the districts of Pasco, Potosi, Gualgaya, Caxamarca, and others in Peru. In this sense, and I am not aware that the words of the prospectus can be taken, or were intended to be taken, in any other sense, there is not one mining district for gold and silver in all Chile, neither is there any mining district for any other metal excepting Coquimbo and Copiapo, where copper is procured; and, from the insignificance of the establishments there, it scarcely deserves the name of a mining district. In this district there is not a single stream navigable by a boat of any sort; neither coals, nor fuel of any sort, can be procured in the country for any but a very small establishment; the country is barren, difficult of access, and, from want of rain and rivers, utterly incapable of improvement by human efforts. No expectation can be entertained by any one acquainted with the country that the quantity of copper manufactured there can be much increased. Any attempt to mine there by Englishmen, or under English management, must fail; any shew of an intention to mine on an extensive scale by foreigners, would immediately cause such an enormous advance of wages, as would totally destroy all chance of profit, even could hands in sufficient numbers be procured, which is impossible, to say nothing of the expense of superintendence, tools, and buildings, and nothing of the monstrous expense of digging coals at Concepcion in the south, and conveying them to Coquimbo, in the north of Chile."

One great corroboration of the truth of these opinions is, that the Spaniards, no bad judges where wealth was to be obtained, never thought of speculating largely in the fine and productive climate of Chile, while they embarked to the utmost in the bleak and unhealthy districts of Peru. "The fact is (says our author) that no single great mine has ever been known in Chile, nor any one of sufficient importance to call together any of the principal Spanish capitalists, who have risked their fortunes in the more productive mines of Peru; the means employed in mining operations in Chile have been small, and corresponded to the poverty of the mines; the small extent of the excavations in those mines is proportioned to their means. The mines are distributed widely over distant portions of the country; and where they are the most numerous, a small central town has been built for general convenience; and, from the few inhabitants existing in these few mining villages, may at one glance be deduced the very small scale upon which mining operations ever have been, and are ever likely to be, conducted in Chile for ages to come. These mines have never been productive of much profit to the speculators, and would, from their known unproductiveness, cease for the most part to be worked, were labour to increase much in price; the mines, therefore, although numerous, employ each but a few individuals; from their limited workings, from their poverty, many cannot possibly be employed, were it desirable they should now be so. The little value the miners have set upon their services,

the inconceivably few wants of so uncivilised a people, and the absence of any strong excitements, have alone given rise to the search for metals."

The mines are thus estimated—

	Dollars.	£ sterling.
Gold, 5000 marcs, valued at . . . . .	680,000	135,000
Silver, 30,000 ditto . . . . .	180,000	35,000
<b>Total Gold and Silver . . . . .</b>	<b>860,000</b>	<b>172,000</b>
Copper, 40,000 quintals . . . . .	480,000	96,000
Total value of metals extracted annually from the mines of Chile. . . . .	1,340,000	268,000

The mines of less precious materials are described as being of still less promise; and, upon the whole, the accounts hold out a very melancholy prospect of return to our "Million" speculations. Yet as much went out in manufactures (a common good), and much may be met with when superior means are used, we do not think the embarkation of a moderate surplus of a man's fortune very ill bestowed in these speculations—provided always that they shall be honestly conducted. They may never yield a profit; but the effects they may have on the condition of generations yet unborn, is a chance worth the ruining of ten thousand gamblers.

As this "villanous digging i' the bowels o' the earth" is a very dry subject, we shall pursue it no farther, but take leave of our author as being apparently a very honest witness, who may be mistaken, but who is not wilfully misleading the public; and whose statements are therefore worthy of unheated consideration.

*Conybeare's Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.* [Concluding Notice.]

THE analysis and examples of the poem of *Beowulf* which we have already given, complete what may be called the truly epic portion of that extraordinary production, (nearly two thirds of the MS.); but, as we have already noticed, the author does not stop where the unities would have stopped him: he goes on to other adventures and other feats, just as if he had begun (and in the middle of the 29th Canto too) a new poem. And this addition presents so many curious features, that we flatter ourselves readers will not be fatigued by having them brought out from the old Saxon canvases, into the distinct light of Review.

Fifty years after *Beowulf* had ascended the throne of the Scyflings, as the successor of Higela, we find him, old as he must have been, engaged in another romantic exploit, no less perilous than his contest, half a century earlier, with the Grendels: this was against the *Fire-drake*.\*

This monster had his den in a mount or barrow of stone, situated on a rocky eminence, unexplored by the foot of man. Here (in strict conformity to the general tenor of Scaldic fiction) he is said to have watched over the accumulated treasures of former ages. In the exercise of this trust he had conducted himself peaceably for more than "three hundred winters," until in evil hour he was provoked to exchange it for the less harmless occupation of ravaging the territory, and devouring the subjects of the good *Beowulf*. His tyranny and devastations must have been very irksome and destructive, for the worthy old king complains that his people can no longer "array themselves for battle, or enjoy the sounds of music, or exercise their good hawks and merles beyond the limits of the palace." It must be con-

fessed, however, that the *Fire-drake* had some provocation, for it seems that some traveller had discovered and revealed his retreat, which was, in consequence, during the slumbers of its inhabitant, pillaged of a part of its treasures, and its interior, "the work of men in eyes long past," disclosed to the wondering eyes of the populace. When "the worm awoke," perceiving that his desolate abode had been visited by hostile footsteps, he first repeatedly traversed its outward boundary in quest of the aggressor. Disappointed in his search, he returned for the purpose of ascertaining the extent of the depredations committed on his treasury, and at nightfall proceeded, "breathing fire and destruction," to take an exemplary revenge on his troublesome neighbours. "Thus," adds the poet, "the beginning of the fray was fatal to the people, as its termination was afterwards to their prince." To oppose him, at last, *Beowulf* buckled on his armour, especially an iron shield, as the usual wooden defence would be of no avail against the monster's fiery breath.

"Now chose the indignant Goth twelve trusty thanes, And bad them track the monster to his lair. Swift at his bidding sped they to the bark, Ample her bulk, and fitted well to hold Treasure or arms in store. Full thirty chiefs Were of that train. The sea-wave bore them till they might descry A lonely earth-mound; hoar and drear it rose Beneath a mountain's shelter, and within Were wondrous sights and strange. Relentless first And greedy of the light, its guardian sat Brooding o'er countless heaps of the Heathen gold. Not cheaply to be won were entrance there. High on the headland sat the royal Goth Generous and still undaunted, whilst he bad The loved companions of his home farewell. Sorrow was on their souls, for he was near Vengeful and thirsting for the blood of man, That with no friendly greeting should salute Their aged lord, departing life from limb."

There is here a long historical episode put into his mouth, descriptive of his life, from seven years upwards. To crown the whole with another heroic achievement, he advances to the present appalling conflict. The *Fire-drake's* abode and conduct on the occasion are admirably painted.

"Firm rose the stone-wrought vault, a living stream Burst from the barrow, red with ceaseless flame That torrent glow'd; nor lived there soul of man Might tempt the dread abyss, nor feel its rage. So watch'd the *Fire-drake* o'er his hoard—and now Deep from his labouring breast the indignant Goth Gave utterance to the war-cry. Loud and clear Beneath the hoar-stone rung the deafening sound, And strife uprose:—the watcher of the gold Had mark'd the voice of man. First from his lair Shaking firm earth, and vomiting as he strode A foul and fiery blast, the monster came. Yet stood beneath the barrow's lofty side The Goth's unshaken champion, and opposed To that infuriate foe his full-orb'd shield. Then the good war-king bared his trenchant blade, Tried was its edge of old, the stranger's dread, And keen to work the foul aggressor's woe."

After some struggles,

"The kingly Goth Rear'd high his hand, and smote the grisly foe. But the dark steel upon the unyielding mail Fell impotent, nor served its master's need, Now at his utmost peril. Nor less that stroke To maddening mood the barrow's warden roused. Out burst the flame of strife, the blaze of war Beam'd horribly; still no triumph won the Goth, Still fall'd his keen brand in the unequal fray, (So wotest not that tried and trusted steel). Now fain would Egtheow's gallant son retreat, And change that battle-plain for tower and town. Again they met—again with fresher'd strength Porth from his breast the unconquer'd monster pour'd That pestilent breath. Encompass'd by its flame, Sad jeopardy and new the chieftain held."

His attendants, foreseeing and dreading the unpropitious issue of such a contest, had partly betaken themselves to flight, and partly remained irresolute and inactive spectators of their monarch's danger.

At this juncture a new character is introduced,—*Wiglaf*, a young thane of the race of

the Scyflings, who rushes forward to aid his lord. United, they slay their grisly opponent; but *Beowulf* had previously been mortally wounded, and the poison speedily reaches his vital parts. *Wiglaf* meanwhile explores the cavern; and we are told—

"Within its deep recess the gallant thane Victorious now, saw freely as he pass'd, Heav'd by each wall, fair ring and treasure's store, And gold that strew'd in glistering heaps the ground, And cups and bowls, of the olden time and man Sole monuments. There, reft of its crested pride, Lay many an helm, all canker'd now with age; And many an armlet work'd with artist skill. Soon might he ken, high o'er that ancient hoard, Strange forms all rich with gold; no common craft Of handy-work had traced each wondrous shape, Or charm'd it to its station. There they stood Fast lock'd, and beaming all with ceaseless light. So might he well descry throughout that realm The spoil and triumph of his lord's revenge."

Having laden himself with as much of these treasures as he could carry, he returns and finds his master dying. The application of water somewhat revives him, and the words once more "broke from the treasury of his breast."

"Old am I now, but in my youth have won And shared the treasure'd gold. Now, thanks be thine, Eternal Father, glorious Lord of all! Thanks from thy creature's lips, for that his eye Hath seen these hoarded spoils; for that his hand, Ere yet thy doom o'ertake him, hath achieved To his loved people's weal this rich bequest. And now, Short while I tarry here—when I am gone, Bid them upon yon headland's summit rear A lofty mound, by hence's sea-gifts clad; So shall my people hold to after times Their chieftain's memory, and the mariners That drive afar to sea, oft as they pass, Shall point to *Beowulf's* tomb."

*Wiglaf* reproaches his less bold associates, and threatens them—a striking fact—with shame and exposure before the assembled people,—

*Londrithes-mot*: a strong proof of the recognition of an elective principle, and of popular weight in these ancient states, before a warlike aristocracy reduced the multitude to servile thraldom. In one passage a fear is expressed lest the Sueones should take advantage of the times to wreak an ancient feud on the Eastern-folk, thus deprived of their head; but the speaker proceeds:—

"Best were it now that, with what speed we may, We seek, and bear our slaughter'd monarch home. Long since by proud gifts of the wreathed gold He pledged us to his service; now he leaves To his loved people's need uncounted hoards, The vanquish'd monster's spoil. Soon shall the bickering flame play round his limbs, Nor e'er, at that sad time, in warlike gear, Nor high-born maid in golden sheen may stand, The wreathing chain gracing her lovely neck. All, e'en the stranger guest, shall walk in grief. For he that led your power and ruled your state No more to laughter lives or mortal joy."

No harp shall wake to mirth our warrior train,— But the wan raven, hasting to his meal, Scream oft and loud; and the shrill eagle tell, How with his fellow-wolf, full gorged of blood, He sped him at the death-feast."

This oration (for the truth of which the Bard pledges himself) being finished, the train of nobles repair to the fatal spot, where they discover (under Arnarnes) the remains of their brave sovereign and of the now harmless *Fire-drake*. The latter were found to extend

Long as he lay  
Full fifty measured feet.

They next admired the "vessels, cups, dishes," and ancient weapons, which had furnished the treasury of this wondrous animal. These (adds the poet) had thus remained in the bosom of the earth for a thousand winters, secured by the force of strong enchantments from all human depredation, until the power whose hands alone dispense victory and riches, saw fit to open for man the long-concealed possessions of the dead.

In examining more closely the domain of

\* The Essay which has occupied our three preceding Numbers and the present Gazette, on the subject of monstrous serpents, &c. happens apropos, both to throw light upon, and receive light from, this northern fable.—Ed.



their ancient enemy, the nobles discovered the remains of those who had in former times ventured to trace the same unhappy road as their monarch, and had fallen an easy sacrifice to the enraged monster. They named a pool or lake near the spot where Beowulf had fallen, the King's Mere.

Beowulf's corpse is consumed on a prodigious funeral pile; an ample tower is raised to his memory; and a hundred songs and heroic tales recounted: the whole account bearing a very marked resemblance to the rites paid to Patroclus, in the *Iliad*. Thus ends the tale, (and in Canto XLIII.);—the theme and manner of treating it, as is justly remarked by Mr. Conybeare, resembling more the father of the Greek epic, than the romancers of the middle ages, by the simplicity of the plan, the air of probability given to all the details (even where supernatural), the length and tone of the speeches, and the frequent digressions into matters of contemporary or previous history. All the wild fictions introduced strengthen the opinion that the northern and eastern mythologies were, at some period of remote and mysterious antiquity, identical; and that the Scandinavian Odin, and the Asiatic Buddha, with all their wonderful train in the early world, were of the same origin. The theory of the Gothic and Sanscrit being cognate languages, will, we trust, be further investigated than it has yet been: proof of this would set the interesting question at rest.

Next to the poem of Beowulf, one of the most important productions of Anglo-Saxon times handed down to us, is the fragment of the historical romance entitled the *Battle of Finborough*, to which, in the Appendix, we can only refer. We have here also specimens from the religious productions of Cadmon; and an account of, and extracts from the Exeter MS. Among the most curious matter in the latter, is a series of enigmas, or poetical riddles, which might do for a modern lady's album, or periodical publication. For instance—

“ Wer sæt net wine	A man sat at wine
Mid his wifa	With his wife
And his twegen suna	And his two sons
And his twa dohtor,	And his two daughters,
Swa se gesweostor	Also his sister
And hyres twegen;	And her two sons;
Fæder frum bearn	The noble patriarch
Fæder was ðerinne	And father was there
Dara æbelingazgæhwæ-	Of each one of these
ðeres,	men,
Mid eam and nefa.	With the uncle and nephews.
Ealra wæron fife	In all there were five
Eorla and idesa	Of men and women
Insittendra.	There sitting.”

Adam, Eve, two of their sons, and one daughter, appear to be the five persons intended. Eve being reckoned in the several relations which may be attributed to her (as the wife, the sister, and the daughter of Adam), the apparent excess of numbers and complication of kindred admit a ready explanation.

Of the miscellaneous poems, a dialogue between the Soul and Body, (the prototype of many an after composition, even to the present day), is remarkable; but there is one called the *Exile's Complaint*, yet more singular for these early times. In its elegiac character, indeed, it is almost, if not altogether unique. This piece “contains the lamentation of some faithful and attached attendant, whose lord had quitted his country, apparently in consequence of the treachery of his kindred, which had also been exerted to separate from him this humble friend, who had vainly endeavoured to

trace and follow his footsteps in distant lands. His situation and feelings are expressed with more pathos, and his lonely retreat amidst the woods exhibits more power of description, than can be usually found in Saxon poetry.” It concludes thus:—

“ Full oft we two promised that nothing should separate us  
Save death alone. But this is reversed;  
And now, as though it had never been, is our friendship  
become:  
Afar off is it the lot of my well-beloved  
To endure unity. I am compelled to sojourn  
In woodland bowers, beneath the oak-tree,  
In this earthy cavern; cold is this earthy mansion;  
I am all wearied out; dark are the dells,  
And steep the mountains; a horrid dwelling among  
branches,  
Overgrown with briars; a joyless abode.  
Here full oft adversity hath overtaken me from the jour-  
ney of my lord:  
My friends are in the earth; those beloved in life  
The sepulchre guardeth; then I around  
In solitude wander under the oak-tree  
By this earth-cave; there must I sit  
The summer long day, there may I weep  
My exiled wanderings of many troubles;  
Therefore I can never from the care  
Of my mind rest, from all the weariness  
That hath come upon me in this life. Let the young man  
strip off  
To be sad of mind (i.e. in anticipation of sorrow), hard-  
hearted thoughts,  
The same that shall [now] have a blythe hearing;  
[Shall hereafter] also [have] in the care of his breast the  
endurance of constant sorrows;  
[Although] long may abide with him all his worldly joy;  
And distant be the foe of the far country;  
In which my friend sitteth beneath the stony mountain,  
Hoary with the storm. (My companion weary in his spirit)  
The waters streaming around his dreary abode;  
This my friend suffereth great sorrow of mind,  
And remembereth too often his happier home.  
Wee shall be to them that shall to length  
Of life abide.”

The following, the *Ruined Wall-stone*, is another remarkable specimen:—

“ This hearth—deserted by the shout—  
More habitual on its floor  
Was the mead, and the talking of the mead-drinkers.  
This hearth—will it not be covered with nettles?  
While its defender was alive  
More accustomed there was the needy stranger.  
This hearth—will it not be covered with sod?  
In the lifetime of Owain and Elphin  
Its cauldron boiled the prey.  
This hearth—will it not be covered with hoary fungi?  
More accustomed around its viands  
The brave ones dauntless in the sword stroke.  
This hearth—will it not be covered with spreading  
brambles?  
Blazing logs were upon it,  
And the accustomed gifts of Reged.  
This hearth—will it not be covered with thorns?  
More accustomed to it the assembled ring  
Of Owain's companions.  
This hearth—will it not be covered with ants?  
More accustomed the bright torches  
And blameless societies.  
This hearth—will it not be turned up by swine?  
More accustomed the clamour of men,  
And circling horns of the banquet.  
This buttress here—and that one there—  
More accustomed around them  
An army's clamour, and the path of melody.”

In another poem, after describing heroes and combatants, we have these pathetic expressions:—

“ But they have mouldered side by side—  
The vassal crowd, the chieftain's pride;  
And hard the grasp of earth's embrace,  
That shrouds for ever all the race.  
So fade they, countless and unknown,  
The generations that are gone.”

Passing by Alfred's Boethius, we must now draw our review to an end, and we will do so by referring to a Fragment on that which is the end of all—Death. It is of the latest period of the Saxon tongue.

“ For thee was a house built ere thou wert born,  
For thee was a mould shapen ere thou of (thy) mother  
camest.  
Its height is not determined, nor its depth measured,  
Nor is it closed up (however long it may be)  
Until I thee bring where thou shalt remain,  
Until I shall measure thee and the sod of earth.  
Thy house is not highly built (timbered),

It is unhigh and low; when thou art in it  
The heel-ways are low, the side-ways unhigh.  
The roof is built thy breast full high;  
So thou shalt in earth dwell full cold,  
Dim, and dark. That clean putrefies . . .  
Doorless is that house, and dark it is within;  
There thou art fast detained, and Death holds the key.  
Loathly is that earth-house, and grim to dwell in;  
There thou shalt dwell, and worms shall share thee.  
Thus thou art laid and leavest thy friends;  
Thou hast no friend that will come to thee,  
Who will ever inquire how that house liketh thee,  
Who shall ever open for thee the door  
And seek thee, for soon thou becomest loathly,  
And hateful to look upon.”

With this we conclude our imperfect attempt to afford a just idea of Mr. Conybeare's valuable and interesting labours. He has, indeed, produced a work of great importance to Saxon literature, and yet of a kind so popular as to furnish much delightful reading to every unlearned lover of poetry, as well as much curious information to the antiquarian scholar.

*The Complete Governess.* By an experienced Teacher. 12mo. pp. 491. 1826. London, Knight and Lacey; Dublin, Westley and Tyrel.

THIS is a good thick volume. Can a governess really have so much to do, that it requires five hundred pages to expound her manifold duties? Thus we moralised as we opened the book: but again we reflected that this was, *par excellence*, “the *Complete Governess*,” and we had met in our lifetime with ladies fully answering that description, governing not only the children in a family, but frequently their papas, and sometimes (though not so often) even their mammams too; whom, by the by, they occasionally requite for rebelling against their gentle authority, by succeeding them. The phrase “complete,” we are told in the preface, was introduced merely from want of a better; which is, we think, a good and sufficient excuse, though not very logically expressed. But let us turn to the work. It begins with pointing out the imperfections of school books, “especially of those for ladies” (when they go to school, we suppose); and then follows the writer's opinion, that “the faults of schools augment the faults of books.” She then treats of grammar, history, arithmetic, geometry, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, geography, botany, and zoology; and, for aught we can perceive, presents them in no other view whatever than we are accustomed to see these branches in the common books for education, which are reprehended in chapter one.

“The existing books (says this model of modesty) may be divided into two classes; the pedantic, and the silly; the former being handed down, with only slight changes in the form, from the days of the schoolmen; and the latter, chiefly the produce of ignorant persons, who have taken to education as a trade, and sought to increase the profits of that trade by becoming authors and booksellers.”

We confess that we do not understand this assertion very clearly. We have a pretty general cognizance of booksellers, but we do not know any of these “ignorant persons” who have qualified themselves, by writing silly books, in the first instance, or “taken to education,” in any sense of the words whatsoever. But “with females,” we are given to understand, “the case is still worse.”—“The fingers, the ears, the tongue, and the feet, are schooled in all those little arts and elegancies that are calculated for momentary and external effect.” What are the little arts and elegancies of the ears, we wonder? “A learned man is, mentally speaking, altogether a different being from a

peasant; but a lady, except in the elegance of her person and manners, and the brilliance of her accomplishments, does not in many instances, at least in as far as depends upon her school education, differ materially from the menial who is deputed to attend upon her." Far be it from us, who are, we flatter ourselves, mentally speaking, altogether different from the common men of common clay, to speak disrespectfully of fine ladies,—but we have noticed some attendants not to be sneezed at, either for what you call elegance of person; so that, even without being sworn at Highgate, one might have committed the egregious fault of liking the maid better than the mistress. Our author proceeds to lament (and we would willingly join in the lamentation, if we comprehended what it was for) the "want of stamina in the matter of female education." We are convinced that this must be a dreadful omission; and the more so, because we are told that it "not only destroys much of the pleasure that would otherwise be derived from female companionship, and exposes woman to many temptations and hapless results, from which a better-informed mind would save her; but it reacts upon society generally—the whole structure of which is injured in return for the injury done to its most amiable portion." By all means, then, to avoid these evils, we pray teachers henceforward to supply plenty of "stamina in the matter," where it is so much needed! Having no better advice to extract from this volume, we do not feel called upon to say any thing more about or from it.

*History of the United States, from their first Settlement as Colonies to the Close of the War with Great Britain in 1815.* 8vo. pp. 467. Miller, 1826.

This is not a volume of very deep research, nor will it rank with the first-rate histories which we possess from the pens of such men as Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; but it is, nevertheless, a pretty clear and succinct account of the countries of the (northern) transatlantic continent, from the period when the original settlers proceeded from Europe. To follow the progress of civilisation is, at all times, a pleasing study; though the earlier history of most places or countries is, generally speaking, little else than a detail of quarrels, bloodshed, and mismanagement. From these beginnings, however, the seeds of prudence are sown, and as time matures the better part of them, the petty possessions of trading and chartered companies grow up and expand into powerful and well-regulated nations. Such is a general account of America. The work before us traces each state from its first colonisation to its junction with the others, and then details the proceedings which lost to its parent and protector the sovereignty of this extensive portion of the globe. These accounts, as we have noticed, are not apparently the fruits of very great labour: but to those who seek merely for general information on the subject of the United States, this volume will be an agreeable and useful companion; and though we here and there detect the national vanity of brother Jonathan breaking through the strict path of history, it contains on the whole no very unfair description of the conflict between the two nations.

In the earlier history of the state of New York we find that "Lord Cornbury was appointed governor." He presented a striking proof of the folly of hereditary distinctions. He was the son of the celebrated Earl of Clarendon; but possessed not one of the virtues of

his ancestor. Mean, profligate, and unprincipled, he was a burden to his friends at home, and was sent to America to be beyond the reach of his creditors.

"He declared himself an anti-Leislerian, and the first assembly that he summoned was composed principally of men of that party. They presented him two thousand pounds to defray the expenses of his voyage. They raised several sums of money for public purposes, but the expenditure being intrusted to him as governor, he appropriated most of it to his own use. His acts of injustice and oppression, his prodigality, his indecent and vulgar manners, rendered him universally odious. In 1708, the assemblies of New York and of New Jersey, of which colony he was also governor, complained to the queen of his misconduct. She removed him from office; he was soon after arrested by his creditors, and remained in custody until the death of his illustrious father, when he returned to England, and took his seat in the house of lords. A proceeding of the house of representatives, near the close of his administration, ought not to be passed over without notice. Wearied by their sufferings, they appointed a committee of grievances, who reported a series of resolutions having reference to recent transactions, which resolutions were adopted by the house. One of them, in energetic language, asserted the principle, 'that the imposing and levying of any moneys upon her majesty's subjects of this colony, under any pretence or colour whatsoever, without consent in general assembly, is a grievance and a violation of the people's property.' It is not uninteresting to observe how early, in some of the colonies, were sown the seeds of the American revolution."

Mr. Locke, whose metaphysical writings have immortalised him in England, was, it seems, solicited to prepare something of a form of government for North Carolina, and he employed his talents in constitution making. His plan was—

"That a chief officer, to be called the palatine, and to hold his office during life, should be elected from among the proprietors; that a hereditary nobility, to be called landgraves and caziques, should be created; and that, once in two years, representatives should be chosen by the freeholders. All these, with the proprietors or their deputies, were to meet in one assembly, which was to be called the parliament, and over which the palatine was to preside. The parliament could deliberate and decide only upon propositions laid before it by a grand council composed of the palatine, nobility, and deputies of the proprietors.

"This constitution, however wise it might seem to English politicians, was not adapted to the sentiments and habits of the people for whom it was prepared. Its aristocratic features displeased them. The measures adopted to introduce and enforce it, produced, in connexion with other causes, an insurrection, in the progress of which the palatine and the deputies were seized and imprisoned. Application was made to Virginia for assistance in restoring order; but the fear of punishment induced the insurgents to submit, before an armed force could be arrayed against them."

To shew that our observation on national vanity was not ill-founded, we instance that the author states in his work, "That on the 18th of October, Captain Jones (i. e. our old friend Paul) in the Wasp, of eighteen guns, captured the Frolic of twenty-two, after a bloody conflict of three-quarters of an hour. In this action the Americans obtained a victory over a force decidedly superior. On their part,

but eight were killed and wounded; on that of the enemy, about eighty!"

It is not worth while to enter into the particular circumstances, which, most probably, were the occasion of the capture of the Frolic; be it sufficient here to state that the Frolic was not "decidedly of superior force" to her antagonist, but, on the contrary, what advantage there was lay wholly with the American sloop. The Frolic carried 18 guns as well as the Wasp (and not 22, according to the writer's statement). The Wasp was the larger vessel by 50 tons, and, more than all, the crew of the Frolic consisted of 92 only against 135 in the American; and the number of killed and wounded in the British sloop was 61, and not 80. No great disparity of force existed certainly, but the difference lay "decidedly" with the American. The action was sufficiently gallant on the part of the enemy, and needs no falsehood or vain-glorious boasting to enhance it; perhaps we may venture to add, what the author casually omits, namely, that both vessels, in a few hours after the action, were captured by an English man-of-war, and added to the British navy.

Some statistical tables would be a great improvement to the work.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

DRAGONS AND MONSTROUS SERPENTS OF ANTIQUITY, &c.—[Concluded.]

12. *Anterior mythology altered, in order to discover in it the legend of the serpent.*—After having altered history, disavowed the origin of physical representations, forgotten the significance of monuments, and even seen and read in them that which never existed, the desire of finding every where a familiar fable had but one step to take; it had only to sacrifice the objects of ancient credulity, and to disfigure an anterior mythology, in order to bend it to the tales of a new mythology. The following story of this description, without being certain, is, nevertheless, not destitute of probability. It belongs to circumstances sufficiently celebrated to render the detail excusable. In explaining a medal, which appears to be of the fifteenth century, and which, on the reverse of the head of Geoffry of Lusignan, called Geoffry of the great tooth, bears the head of a fantastic monster. Millin relates, that Geoffry was invited to combat a monster that had already devoured an English knight; but that, when on the point of undertaking the adventure, he fell ill, and died. The head on the medal, he adds, is that of the monster, "which Geoffry would certainly have vanquished, if he had not been prevented by death." But medals are never struck to commemorate exploits which have never taken place. It follows, therefore, that the family of Lusignan, to whom Millin attributes the fabrication of this medal, preserved the tradition, that the brave count, like so many other saints and heroes whom we have passed in review, had been the vanquisher of the monster. Let us recollect, 1st, that Geoffry was the son, or rather the descendant, of the famous Mellusine, or Merlusine (Melesindis), who, every Saturday, transformed herself into a serpent; 2dly, that the *Sassemages*, who reckoned Geoffry of the great tooth among their ancestors, had sculptured on the outer gate of their castle a Mellusine figure; that is to say, half woman, half serpent. Merlusine was a benevolent fairy; it seemed natural to place one of her descendants in the number of victorious heroes over destructive serpents; and, in applying to him a legend every where

adopted, to attribute to him a victory commemorated by the medal of which Millin has attempted the explanation. But whence could have originated, in the marshes of Poitou, the creation of a being, half woman, half serpent, or sometimes one, sometimes the other? A tradition, preserved down to our own days, declares that Merlusine transformed herself not only into a serpent, but into a fish. That is the explanation of the enigma which has been transmitted to us from remote antiquity. The image of the woman-fish, from which the moderns have formed the sirens, (although all the writings and monuments of the ancients represent the sirens as women-birds,) that image, sufficiently multiplied, even in the times of Horace, to induce the poet, who was ignorant of its meaning, to cite it as the type of absurdity;\* that image which the Greeks, less removed from its origin, applied to Eurynome, one of the wives of the god of the sea; that image is the image under which the Syrians and the Phœnicians invoked Astarte, Atargatis, the celestial virgin. It appears in the Egyptian planisphere, where it represents the sign of the fish united to the sign of the virgin. It is consecrated in the Japanese mythology, and in the Hindoo mythology, where it has probably the same meaning. If it be asked if this symbol ever penetrated into Gaul, and if time could have so modified it as to have changed into a serpent the extremity of the fish? it may be answered to the first question, that this symbol still exists in one of the most ancient cities of France, Marseilles. In an angle of Fort St. Jean may be seen the gigantic figure of a monster, half woman, half fish. If thus introduced in the construction of Fort St. Jean, it must have existed antecedently as a national monument. Its name, the same as that of the city, "Marseille," shews that it represents the local divinity, the city itself deified. In adopting a symbol so proper to characterise a great maritime city, the Phœnicians had no occasion to borrow it from Tyre, from Sidon, or from Carthage; they had founded their colony under the auspices of the Great Diana of Ephesus, of the celestial virgin who was adored under that form, not only in Asia, but even in Greece; for the statue, half woman, half fish, honoured at Phrygia, was often regarded as a statue of Diana.† With regard to the second question, almost all the Tartar princes affect to carry back their genealogy to a celestial virgin impregnated by a ray of the sun, or by some other equally marvellous means:—in other words, the mythology which serves as the point of commencement of their annals, has reference to the age in which the sign of the virgin marked the summer solstice. The Greeks ascribed the origin of the Scythians to a virgin half woman, half serpent, who had a commerce with Hercules or Jupiter, both emblems of the generating sun. If these two virgins were the same, as it may be permitted us to believe, in the image of the national divinity, of the celestial virgin from whom the Scythians or Tartars pretend to be descended, the Greeks misunderstood the form of the inferior part; instead of the extremity of a fish, they conceived it to be the extremity of a serpent. Now, to bring to the banks of the Sevre both the ancient symbol, and the alteration by which it was disguised, we will by no means

recall the fact that the Druids adored a virgin who brought forth a child;—the celestial virgin who, every year, at midnight, glittering in the highest heaven, gave the world an infant god, the sun, issuing from the winter solstice. It does not appear that the Druids presented any physical representations for the adoration of our ancestors, at least to the time at which the commerce of other nations induced them by degrees to imitate their idolatry. But Pytheas had coasted the western shores of Gaul, and surely he was not the only one among the Marseillois navigators. But the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians, who resorted for tin to the Cassiterides, could not have failed frequently to disembark on the coasts of Brittany and Poitou. One of those nations will have carried into Western Gaul the image and the worship of the virgin-fish. Under the figure of a woman with the tail of a fish, the Gauls adored Onvana, or Auvana. Jealous, like the Tartar princes, of asserting for himself a supernatural origin, a Gaulish chief will have pretended to be descended from that divinity; he will have chosen her image as his distinguishing emblem. The progress of Christianity will have reduced the goddess to a mere woman, still gifted, like a fairy, with supernatural power; but it will not have abolished her memory, or effaced her image. At a later period, time, and the imperfection of sculpture, will have occasioned an error similar to that which the Greeks had already committed; the tail of a fish will have been mistaken for the extremity of a serpent. Founded on this mistake, the new tradition will have prevailed the more easily, since, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, serpents, as we have seen, played a great part in the popular superstitions of the East; and then, the shape attributed to Merlusine, and the exploit attributed to her descendant, will have been the consequences of the sacrifice of an ancient belief to one more novel, and more generally adopted.

13. *Summary.*—The discussion of this conjecture, which we submit to the judgment of archaeologists, has by no means led us from our subject. What we proposed was, to inquire how a tale, evidently absurd, false, and impossible, could spread and multiply; and, ever the same under a thousand different shapes, meet every where with equal and constant credulity. Real facts, customary metaphors, might have sometimes produced it; but would never have spread it beyond the narrow circle in which the former were observed, and the latter used. An accident so local, so variable, as the overflowing of a river, would never have been universally represented by the same allegory; which, besides, applies to it in a very imperfect manner. The supposed fact was, in its origin, only the expression of an astronomical emblem, adopted by the greater part of the ancient mythologies. When the tradition of this dogma of polytheism was compelled to give way to the progress of Christianity, an external ceremony, consecrated by that religion, created almost as many repetitions of the original fable, as the Western church counted assemblies of the faithful. In vain was the attention of the common people called to the allegory which the ceremony expressed; their minds, as well as their looks, remained fixed on the physical representation. Their habits surmounting their piety, it was not exclusively among the inhabitants of heaven that they sought for their supposed liberators; they recognised them among men; especially when, in order to conform to a point of the astronomical allegory, it was to be be-

lieved that the conqueror had lost his life even in the arms of victory. The names of celebrated persons, those of nobles whose power was feared, or whose courage was admired, were successively applied to this tradition, thus unceasingly renewed. Historical recollections were falsified to establish it; every kind of physical representation was resorted to for the same purpose; it was sought for in monuments and emblems with which it had no connexion; even in the badges which glory or military pride had invented. They even proceeded so far (if our last conjecture be not a rash one) as to alter the symbols and the faith of an anterior mythology, to appropriate them to this favourite belief. Strange progress of a credulity, not only easy and blind, but eager and insatiable! Is it not a subject especially deserving of the meditation of philosophers? The history of credulity is perhaps the most extensive, and certainly one of the most important branches of the moral history of the human species.

#### A KITE CARRIAGE.

A CURIOUS experiment was made on Hounslow Heath a few days since, with a carriage drawn by kites, invented by Mr. Pocock of Bristol. Unfortunately for the trial, there was very little wind, but even under this disadvantage, the carriage, with six persons, was, it is stated to us, drawn by the kites at the rate of eight to nine miles an hour. Though their course was only within six points of the wind, they dashed gallantly though Hounslow; but were obliged to pull up at Brentford, on account of the contrary air and the narrowness of the street. The crowd collected to witness the phenomenon was immense; the stages stopped, and one Jehu expressed his delight that the kite carriage headed him for above a mile. It was a very warm day, and the party stopped at a public-house to take a draught of porter,—when one of them called the outler.—"I be coming, sir."—"Give our steeds a feed."—"Where be they, sir?"—"Why up there."—"Ah, you be selling it me now."—"They let the carriage move on a few yards."—"Why, sure enough, it be so. Missis! missis! come out and see how them there kites draws this here carriage." The old lady came out; she looked a person rather inclined to give an opinion than take one. She cast her eyes on the carriage, then on the kites, and then on the carriage again, and clapping her hands to her sides, exclaimed, with a hearty laugh, "What a goose you are, Tom! it is not the kites that draw the carriage, there are men up behind them that pull it along!"

We understand that Mr. Pocock has been twenty years in perfecting his ingenious invention. He harnesses the winds, and makes them obedient to his command;—all he asks is for them to blow. In a strong breeze he travels at the rate of 20 to 25 miles per hour. He can turn as he pleases, and stop the carriage in an instant, though going down hill at the rate of 20 miles an hour. He can hand, reef, and steer, and manage his kites and *Cab* with almost as much facility as the seaman manages his sails and rudder. He can tack and shape his course as he pleases, if the wind be *abast the beam*; that is, less than eight points, or ninety degrees.

This invention is only an elegant amusement on land, but we think it susceptible of being usefully employed at sea. The deserts of Africa might be traversed by its aid, at a rate far exceeding the boasted speed of the dromedary. All that is necessary for its success is for

"The stormy winds to blow-on-ow."

\* "—Turpiter atrum  
Desinit in pisces mulier formosa superæ."

Æt. Poet. v. 3, 4.

† Strabo says that a priestess of Diana of Ephesus followed the Phœnicians to Marseilles, carrying with her a statue of the divinity.



## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE diligence of a Critic in the last No. of the *Edinburgh Review*, in an article upon Légar's History, has revived a strong degree of interest to that inhuman tragedy which has been handed down to posterity by the name of the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew." The guilt of the chief actors in this "bloody business" is acutely discussed by the Reviewer, and the share of each endeavoured to be ascertained agreeably to the best light which contemporary annalists, circumstantial evidence, tradition, and rational probability, throw upon the transaction. To this paper referring readers, we only allude to it as our reason for laying before the public the copy of a curious instrument connected with the Massacre, which we happen to have in our possession, viz. the Seal of Charles IX., which was appended to the warrant for the death of the victims acknowledged to have been designated for destruction. Of this Seal, the authority for so horrible an act, the annexed is the impression: even so slight a form of it can hardly be looked upon without shuddering: and the motto, too, "*With Piety and Justice*"—what appalling blasphemy!



## FINE ARTS.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &amp;c.

No. VII.—*Perplexities of Portrait Painters.*  
 "THE world," as Dr. Johnson once said to his friend Reynolds, "the world, my dear Renny, (he had a diminutive for every body whom he loved) has nothing to do with the difficulties of a man's art." To which sage remark, poor Goldsmith, with his usual naïveté, betwixt a sigh and a groan, ejaculated, "The more's the pity, doctor Johnson."

Now there was nothing supereminently poetical in this remark, nor superlatively wise, perhaps; yet, nevertheless, the short apostrophe of doctor Noll, (for so he was occasionally dubbed by the sage, the said doctor Sam, as he good humouredly, when he happened to be in a good humour, dubbed himself—the said apostrophe of Goldsmith mightily tickled Johnson's fancy. He, therefore, gently rolling his head, a laugh lurking in the corner of his eye, and looking with his usual benevolence upon the poet, resumed, "Why, sir, I do not see why the world should have any thing to do

with the difficulties of a man's art: if, sir, arts were not obnoxious to idleness, every idler would aspire to art—and then, sir, neither would Reynolds be eminent, Goldsmith be pre-eminent, nor Sam Johnson be super-eminent. No, sir, these things are best ordained as they be." He then proceeded, descending with all the richness of his prolific fancy, to shew that the "difficulties of art constituted the delight of art;" and pretty well convinced his auditors, such was the power of his logic, "that the only drawback to this delight consisted in the poverty of human ingenuity, in not being able to add aught to the common stock of turmoil in the field of science."

"Lord bless him!" ejaculated Gainsborough, then sketching the Protean phiz of Garrick, who related this story with malicious composure, while harrowing up the very soul of the painter, by playing all sorts of tricks with his facial muscles. "Lord bless the man!—that Johnson! whom either much learning hath made stark mad, or much philosophy hath made a fool," said Gainsborough: "confound him! I wish he had your green-room front to finish, for, devil take me," throwing his tools away with a vengeance, "if I can make any thing of you." "Why no, man," replied Garrick, coolly picking up the fitches, sables, and hog's-hair tools, "to be sure, Tom, painting of human noddles, as Sancho says, is not *tarts and cheese-cakes*." "But, Davy, may I be bastinadoed if your's is human," replied Gainsborough. Garrick seized the maul-stick, and Gainsborough parried with his palette. There was an end to painting for that day; and the two cronies made their peace over the dinner table, by an additional bottle of the painter's *nota bene* claret.

Now Hoppner, who had picked up this story in his painting room, replied, with his usual smartness, to his sister, "Granted, my lord,—but, if the world has nothing to do with the matter, why, in the name of common-sense, or common decency, do people delight in wantonly adding to these difficulties, and thus pelt us miserable frogs for mere sport?" (My lord had certainly been worrying the sensitive painter without mercy.) "But you men of genius are so thin skinned, hey, my friend," said his lordship. "Nay, my lord," retorted the painter, "you have been flaying me for the last two hours, and you leave no rest in the flesh."

"The memoirs of a portrait painter's study,—what a subject for a book!" exclaimed this same high-talented wight to old Coombe, the author of *Dr. Syntax*, as he entered the long passage in Charles Street, just as Mr. \* \* \* \* \*, a corpulent city banker, made his exit to step into his barouche. The loyal banker, (we do not mean the loyal baronet, who has better taste,) had dropped in upon the painter, to negotiate for a family picture. It happened at the memorable epoch of "*life and property men*," when London was to be thatched with silver, and paved with gold. "Well, sir, your most obedient, master painter," said the squire banker, looking around. "Sir, yours," returned the painter, bowing low. The banker was a fine, portly, pompous-looking citizen, a good subject to his majesty, and no bad subject as a sitter, though it happened that he sat not. "Well, mister painter, sir, you have some fine pieces here, sir. Pray, sir,—what may be the value of that?" pointing to a whole-length of an admiral. "My price for that is two hundred guineas." "So!" ejaculated the banker, "a fine, noble-looking fellow, 'pon my word—very heroic indeed! Ah! mister

painter, they are our great *wooden walls*, our prime *bull-works*. This is the land for such seamen—old England, hey, sir,—and those who don't like it, why let 'em leave it: that's my toast, sir. But to the point, sir: my business is to negotiate, look you, for a large family piece,—myself, my wife, and my boys and girls; a fine family, as you shall see, sir,—the same number as his majesty's, God bless him! Now, what is your charge for such a collection?—*group*, I think you painters call it." "I cannot exactly answer that—within—five hundred pounds, or so," replied the painter. "Wheugh-h-h," whistled the banker: "what, sir, five hundred pounds?" "Such a subject requires study, sir,—great studying—as, how—" "Pho! pho! study, mister painter: true, sir, but you have not studied *Cocker*, sir, hey? ha, ha, ha! not tell within five hundred pounds; ha, ha, ha!" "Why, sir, such a work requires consideration. I should like, first, to be allowed to see your family, sir—and then—how to dispose of so many persons—how to employ them—and—and—" "O, my good sir, I'll save you that trouble; that is already settled, my good sir,—we are to be painted on our lawn, with a harpsichord, and all singing *God save the King*."

What think you of this? exclaimed Hoppner. Old Coombe laughed himself almost into convulsions.

It were an uncharitable mode of estimating the heart of a portrait painter by that test by which he judges of others; namely, by the face: that is, presuming the limner to be somewhat of a physiognomist, which, it is presumed, he is. For we cannot liken any thing more unlike to amiability, than the countenance of an angel-minded portrait painter, towards the third, fourth, or fifth hour of his daily tantalisation.

It is a look so indescribable as not even to be described by his own wondrous art. For he never sees it in others—other than by reflection, and that imperfectly, of course; for though when peering round the canvass to catch a glance at the restless sitter, the said sitter catches by sympathy something of his, the painter's, frown,—it is yet as unlike in intensity, as the great cylindrical forge bellows at Colnbrook dale, to the shepherd's pipe. Nor is it like the fierce frown of the sea-captain in the midst of fight, who would annihilate a fiery dragon with his spy-glass, dared he to alight upon the deck: no, it is rather that concentration of mental agony which would suit the expression of Tantalus, or that would exchange with a tottering toad under the remorseless teeth of an iron harrow. "*The very look tells this, and more than this*;" and yet have sitters no more commiseration for the professor of this tormenting art, than if they were compounded of mere pigments. It was this, as we have said before, which brought poor Hoppner to the grave, and which, doubtless, prevented the patriarch Titian, of immortal fame, from attaining the small remnant of his hundred years.

Vandyck indubitably would have lived another twice ten years but for this, though his unrelentless contemporaries ascribed his fiat to the gout. The robust Kneller, who had painted ten sovereigns,\* and outlived them all, happily happened to have no nerves. Lely escaped by the fortuitous circumstance of being fat. Reynolds smoothed his way through sheer philosophy; though his great organ of secretion,

\* Charles II., James II., and his queen, William and Mary, Anne, George I., Louis XIV., the Czar Peter the Great, and the Emperor Charles VI.

alas! was found to have attained to a pre-natural size—all owing to this. Jervas and Beau Astley braved it out for a time, by their native vanity. Hudson, Richardson, and some others of nearly coeval and coequal note, survived the shock, by constitutional phlegm. The lamented Owen had his experience. Beechey has battled it out by his animal spirits—all the great world have declared it delectable to sit to that worthy knight. Jackson walks over the course on his highly-reputed horse, Candour. The sterling Philipps carries his point by a look—he, the Spartan, caused even the great Thurlow to alter the set of his wig, at the mandate of a painter's frown. The president manages the matter by courtesy. "Courtesy is catching," quoth the Scot. And Northcote, the patriarch of our school, keeps bright the vital flame, by the veritable love of art: may he live a thousand years!

Hogarth (of whom who delighteth not to hear?) contrived to keep his sitters patient by that choice narcotic which he bore about him,—self-applause. Thomas Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, sat to him for his picture, which is now in Lambeth Palace. Hogarth, who, it may be presumed, was worried by the friends of the prelate, is said to have observed whilst proceeding with his work,—“Your Grace, perhaps, is not aware that some of our chief dignitaries in the church have had the best luck in their portraits. The most excellent heads painted by Vandyck and Kneller were those of Laud and Tillotson. The crown of my works will be the representation of your Grace.” His Grace, however, was not convinced, notwithstanding this flattering promise, that Hogarth was another Vandyck; for, in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, the archbishop says, “None of my friends can bear Hogarth’s picture.” The painter, it is known, was not easily “put out of conceit” with his own works, though he sometimes, for all his wit, might be said “to build a wall against which to run his own head.”

The son of this gentleman (Mr. Duncombe), in commenting on the print from a plate by Barron, which he engraved from the picture, is rather severe. “This picture (judging from the print),” he says, “exhibits rather a caricature than a likeness; the figure being gigantic, the features all aggravated and outcris, and, on the whole, so far from conveying an idea of *os placidum, moresque benigni*, as Dr. Jortin expresses it,—that engaging sweetness and benevolence which were characteristics of this prelate, that they seem rather expressive of a Bonner, who could burn a heretic.”

“Lovat’s hard features Hogarth might command,  
A Herring’s sweetness asks a Reynolds’ hand.”

Of the above-named Scottish chieftain, Simon Lord Lovat, it is said, that when Hogarth set off from London to draw his portrait, he waited upon him at the *White Hart*, at St. Alban’s. When Hogarth was ushered into his apartment, his lordship being under the barber’s hands, he received his old friend the painter, who had known him in London, with a salute, and left part of the lather on his face.

The old chieftain was then a prisoner on his way to the Tower of London, before which he subsequently lost his head, for being concerned in the insurrection in the North.

Hogarth caught his figure, as is seen in his “etching from his drawing from the life,” in the attitude of relating on his fingers the number of the rebel forces; such a general had so many men, &c. He remarked, that the muscles of Lord Lovat’s neck appeared of unusual

strength, more so, indeed, than he had ever seen in another person.

“Of this powerful laird,” said a contemporary writer, “it has been observed, that he was one of the last chieftains who preserved the rude manners and chieftain authority of the early feudal ages. He resided in a house which would be esteemed but an indifferent one for a very private, plain, country gentleman in England, as it had, properly, only four rooms on a floor, and those not large. Here, however, he kept a sort of court, and several public tables; and had a numerous body of retainers always attending. His own constant residence, and the place where he received company, even at dinner, was in the very same room where he lodged; and his lady’s sole apartment was her bed-room; and the only provision for the lodging of the servants and retainers, was a quantity of straw, which they spread every night on the floors of the lower rooms, where the whole inferior part of the family, consisting of a very great number of persons, took up their abode.”

Hogarth painted several portraits of distinguished persons: among others, those of Gibbs, the architect, who built St. Martin’s in the Fields; Dr. Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; Lord Viscount Boyne; Lady Francis Byron; Earl of Charlemont; the satirical poet, Charles Churchill; Martin Folkes, F.R.S.; Garrick, in Richard III., (from which a watch-paper was engraved, according to the custom of the time, of which tens of thousands were sold); Lord Holland; Daniel Lock, Esq.; Dr. Morell; and his own portrait more than once, particularly that masterly head of himself, with his no less ably painted pug dog, Trump.

His best portrait is said to be that of Captain Coram, for the Foundling Hospital. Though, to shew that no work, however meritorious, can secure its author from the malice of an unmerciful satirist, the following description of this picture appeared in 1749, in a slashing publication, entitled the *Scandalizade*.

“Lo! old Captain Coram, so round in his face,  
And a pair of good chops plump’d up in good case,  
His dangling locks, hanging gray on each side,  
To his double-breast coat o’er his shoulders so wide,” &c.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*London, from Greenwich Park.* Drawn by W. Westall, A.R.A.; on Stone by Engelmann. London, 1826. Engelmann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

THE celebrity of Mr. Engelmann as a lithographer, was familiar to us from specimens of his works which we had seen imported from Germany; and we cannot help thinking that it must lead to an improvement of this Art in England, when we observe that the House with which he is connected has opened a dépôt, and commenced publishing in London. The first fruits of their labours are now before us, and tend very much to strengthen this opinion. The View of London from Greenwich is a beautiful example of lithography. Looking at the multitude and minuteness of the details, we should have considered the subject, *à priori*, to be one which the Art could not reach. We are, however, agreeably disappointed by this production, in which all the features of the Capital, in a well-preserved distance, are accurately represented; while a varied sky and a clever foreground are equally well expressed. In short, the print seems to us to be a curiosity, as a triumph of lithography over very great difficulties.

*Le Pont du Diable (sur la Reuss, St. Gothard)* and *Première Galerie près de Crévola (Sim-plon); Villeneuve, and Figures*, by V. Adam; Lith. by Engelmann. Idem.

THESE are two bold and imposing views, executed in a manner worthy of the hand noticed in our preceding article. There is a clearness and cleanness in the touch to which we have seldom been accustomed, and the whole evince much skill and spirit.

*Portrait of Fred. Reynolds.* Engraved by Doo, from a Drawing by Raphael Smith.

A GOOD portrait of our facetious and lively Auto-Biographer when he was twenty-three years younger, but not a jot less entertaining and agreeable than he has shewn himself to be within a few months. To the drawing of old Raphael Smith, the mezzotint-scraper of Mr. Doo has done ample justice. His work (even were the subject devoid of interest, instead of being the reverse) would cause this print to be popular in consequence of its masterly execution. We have just bestowed very high commendation on another branch of art in which Germany takes the lead of England: but in this all the peculiar excellency is English alone,—there is nothing to compete with our native school in mezzotint throughout the world.

*Mexico.* { 1. *A Bird’s-eye View*, } Acker-  
{ 2. *The Great Square*, &c. } mann.  
Engraved by R. G. Reeve, and coloured.

FOR these characteristic views of Mexico we are indebted to the son of the very respectable publisher from whose press they issue. They are lively and clever pictures, and display to advantage the talents of the draughtsman, who has so well set before our eyes not only the striking edifices of this gorgeous city, but made us acquainted with the general forms of its domestic architecture, the costume and appearance of its inhabitants, and even with its climate, the occupations of the people, and other particulars, which would require a long description in writing. It is to accomplish all that can be required, when the artist thus makes us visitors as it were to the scene of his limning transcriptions.

*The King.* From a Painting by T. C. Thompson, R.H.A.; engraved in Mezzotint by C. Turner.

*Mr. Canning.* From a Portrait by T. Stewardson, engraved by W. Ward, A.R.A. Sams.

THE first of these is a clever bust of his Majesty, taken, we suppose, from Mr. Thompson’s whole-length, so much abused by some critics, in last Exhibition. We like it very much in its present form. The last is, we presume, a re-touched plate: the original did not do justice to the painter’s skill. Mr. Stewardson produced a striking likeness of the illustrious statesman (for his friends at Liverpool, if we remember rightly); but in the engraving, some of the features, especially the nose, are enlarged upon most disadvantageously for the refined and intellectual expression of Mr. Canning’s countenance.

#### NORTHERN SOCIETY’S EXHIBITION.

THE rooms of this Society, in Albion Street, Leeds, were opened on Monday fortnight for their annual Exhibition of Paintings, &c. The friends of the directors and members, amounting to a considerable number, were on that day admitted to a private view. The arrangement adopted for the present year, by the directors, excluded the reception of all works intended for sale; and the collection consisted of

productions of ancient and modern masters, from the galleries of the noblemen and gentlemen of Yorkshire. The "gallery," or large middle room, is almost entirely occupied with paintings, many of them rare, and of the highest merit, and a portrait of Kemble, in the character of *Hamlet*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A., graciously lent from his Majesty's collection. It also contains 39 original sketches in oil, by Rubens, the property of R. Chantrell, Esq., of Bruges.

The principal works are as follow:—*St. Jerome*, *Cleopatra*, (Spagnoletto); *the Earl of Stafford and his Dog*, *King Charles I. in the Isle of Wight*, *the Children of King Charles I.*, *Lord Danby*, *Christ and the Seven Penitents*, (all by Vanduyke); *two Landscapes*, (Claude); *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*, (Lionello Spada); *Large Sea Piece*, (Cuyt); *two Views in Italy*, (Orizonti); *Moonlight*, (Vernet); *the Birth of Christ*, (Rembrandt); *Saint Francis*, (Carracci); *Landscapes*, (Wouvermans, Wynant, and Vanderveelde); *Head of Christ*, *Fulvia*, (Guido); *Heads*, (Romney); *Views in Venice*, (Canaletti); *Benivoglio*, (Velasquez); *a Musical Party*, (Teniers); *Battle Pieces*, (Bourguignon); *Scene in Switzerland*, (Ruysdael); *Portraits*, (Sir P. Lely); *Landscapes*, &c., (Morland); *Holy Family*, (Murillo); *Rinaldo and Armida in the Enchanted Garden*, (F. Mieris); *Oliver Cromwell*, (Cooper); *Portraits*, (Sir J. Reynolds); *Ecc Homo!* (Carlo Dolce); *Holy Family*, (Tintoretto):—with several others by De Heem, Brauer, Sassaferrata, Hemskirk, Watteau, Both, Berghem, Le Duc, &c. &c.

The cabinet, or third room, is, with three exceptions, devoted to the splendid collection of J. M. W. Turner's drawings, the property of Mr. Fawkes, and two belonging to Sir W. Pilkington. They are in all twenty-nine in number, of various sizes, and form in themselves an exhibition of singular attraction.

There are altogether 266 paintings, drawings &c., the statue of W. Hey, Esq., and a bust of Isis, by Dunbar, included; and exclusive of the thirty-nine oil sketches by Rubens. —From the Leeds Intelligencer.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## METRICAL FRAGMENTS.—NO. II.

Tasso's last Interview with the Princess Leonora.

A COURTLY scene it was, the tapers threw  
New gloss of beauty o'er the gather'd rose,  
Touch'd as if with the moonlight's soften'd hue;  
And on the ear there came the dying close  
Of a lute's love-song; 'twas a master drew  
From the charm'd chords such honey tones  
As those: [none]

Bright tears were in the bright eyes round; but  
Wept, lest one falling tear might reave a tone.

Nobles and courtly dames stood round the Bard,  
Pouring those gentle flatteries in his ear  
Which ever are the Minstrel's best reward.  
Alas! and is the serpent's trail even here?  
Harsh all earth's destinies,—but his most hard  
Who may not trust the praise he loves to hear—

Who may not hold his fame sure till, too late,  
The seal of death and truth is set by fate.

There stood he, half in pleasure, half in scorn,  
Holding such homage at its genuine worth;  
But from some young lips was a murmur borne,  
And tears in pure and starry eyes had birth,  
Speaking in eloquent silence; and were worn  
Far in his heart, mid things most dear of earth.

He felt his song was felt—to poet's lays  
Sympathy is more precious far than praise.

He moved away; he had been standing where  
His eye upon a pictured shape could dwell;  
A brow proud, beautiful, as temples are;  
A neck curved with the white swan's  
haughtiest swell

Above the waters; the soft cheek was fair,  
But colourless,—as the heart had nought to tell

That might disturb so pure a sanctuary  
With lights and blushes of a troubled sky.  
With one long look he turn'd away his gaze  
From thy high beauty, peerless Leonore!

Too much the breast its secret thought betrays  
When it hath seemed glossed most securely  
o'er;

Suspicion more that hurried start would raise  
Than all his ardent look had done before:  
'Twas poet gazing with a painter's eye—  
But love was in that start and in that sigh.

He entered in a small alcove, where hung  
A wreathed rose-tree, a snow-starr'd jasmine:  
The life-blood to the Poet's forehead sprung;  
For bending there, like Spirit at her shrine,  
The Princess Leonore had backwards flung  
Her silver veil and tresses' grape-like twine,  
As if she had listen'd in so wrapt a mood  
That still she kept her listening attitude.

Small likeness was there to the portrait now—  
Her cheek was crimson, and the soften'd eye  
Shed softness over the unsteady brow,  
And the lips parted with a half-breathed  
sigh:

She bent to pluck a flower that grew below,  
Hiding her face thus, all too consciously:  
But Tasso's heart drank in a hope, a thought,  
Which till that hour not even a dream had brought.

She spoke, they were but a few hurried words—  
Of the sweet flowers around, the heat, the  
night—

Yet were they such as the blest heart records  
For many an after-moment's long delight;  
They touch'd upon his spirit's inmost chords;  
Though broken was the sense, the accents  
light,

Yet sweeter was to him that tremulous tone  
Than all that eloquence were proud to own.

They parted—and they never met again;  
For envious eyes were watching that dear  
hour,

Each had to expiate in tears and pain—  
He in the maniac's chain and gloomy tower,  
Till the fire fed alike on heart and brain:

And she with lonely grief in regal bower,  
Mocking the misery by silence nursed;  
Subdued, unpitied, and perchance the worst.

This was their history—alas! too like  
All records that of Love or Genius are—  
Shafts sharpen'd into brightness but to strike  
Their deadliest. IOLE.

## SONNET TO TIME.

FAIN would I disabuse thee, mighty Power!  
From wallings of the melancholy brood  
Who deem thine influence devoid of good,  
And chide with each successive, silent hour

That comes eventless: and when Fate doth  
lower, [thee]

Think not of Patience. All things tell of  
The mossy glory of the aged tree,  
And the gray pall of ivy-cinctured tower.

Thine is the key of History's marble page—  
The halo that the head of Genius crowns—  
The wonders of the dim, dismantled age—  
The breath that long-forgotten scrolls em-

brown—  
The crumbling touch of withering decay—  
The changes of a year—the chances of a day.

X.

## DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the affairs and season of this Theatre were, it seems, brought to a premature crisis and termination, by an extent for king's taxes to a considerable amount. The consequence was that the house did not open. The fate of this great property is quite unaccountable. It might be supposed that, with the large certain income produced by the annual boxes, it might, under even tolerable management, be the most beneficial concern in the theatrical world; but so far from this being the case, it has not, for many years, been out of hot water and distress. What causes led to this melancholy result, may not all, perhaps, be readily ascertained, amid the conflicting assertions of parties interested. Not to speak of exorbitant salaries, nor of long-standing embarrassments, which prevent the best bargains (ready-money ones) from being made, it is, we believe, a place of great dissoluteness and intrigue. Out of this springs a rivalry not only such as is too common among performers in every theatre, but a rivalry of rich and noble patrons, which tends greatly to involve the management in broils and confusion, and hinder the public from being gratified by the fair exercise and competition of the talents employed. Madame So-and-So's friend thinks she ought to be preferred to Signora Such-a-one, which the Signora's Cavalier Servente resolutely opposes; and these persons being high and leading dons in the Opera, while the dispute is carried on, the season passes, and the best operas and ballets are left unacted, because it has been impossible to adjust the pretensions of Prima This and Prima That. A not unwhimsical denouement of one of these affairs took place the other day. Madame Brocard found occasion to take a sudden but affectionate leave of the manager, and every thing being arranged, the billet was despatched, stating, it may be supposed, any reason but the true one. By an unlucky accident, soon after this adieu, a travelling chariot, with imperial, &c., all well packed for a trip to the Continent, broke down in the Haymarket, exactly opposite the King's Theatre. The alarm attracted box-keepers, clerks, and others employed there, who ran to the assistance of the distressed passengers—when, lo! on extricating them from their perilous situation, who should be dragged out but Madame Brocard, and a noble lord, her travelling companion. Of course, persons who attended the theatre that night to see this charming *dansseuse*, were baulked—she was otherwise engaged; but such things (and this is only a sample of what is happening every week) would not occur if the theatre were flourishing under a judicious and sufficient control. There would then be many fewer catarrhs in singers, and dislocated bones in dancers.

Indeed, there seems to have been a grand emigrating flight of the swallows who had made their summer's nests about the Opera House. Not only has Brocard spread her wings in the Icarian way just noticed, and not only has Velluti fled howling, (with, as the newspapers tell, £5,000 to steady his pinions,) but the musical birds, the Boninis, are gone; and, from the ballet corps, Coulon, the Blondas, Vosseuer, Latree, Rosalie, Genveaux, &c. &c. have hopped off; so that we hardly know a name of note remaining of this theatrical establishment, excepting always the estimable in private and in public delightful Carradori, and of men De Begnis and Porto.



On Monday Mr. Macready performed *Hamlet* at the Birmingham Theatre, previous to embarking at Liverpool for America. The house, it may readily be supposed, was crowded; and at the close of the play, Mr. M. took an unaffected and affecting leave of his early friends at Birmingham. On Tuesday morning the treasury of the theatre was plundered of the receipts of the preceding night, about £200; a loss no doubt to the proprietors,—but we far more regret the (we trust very temporary) loss of such a performer as Mr. Macready to the drama of the country.

#### VARIETIES.

**Earthquakes.**—It appears that an earthquake which was felt at Saint Brieux on the 24th of June last, was also felt at Inspruck on the same day.

**The Heart.**—M. Larrey, the well-known French surgeon, lately presented to the Academy of Medicine in Paris, the heart of a man who, in a fit of derangement produced by grief, stabbed himself with a watchmaker's file. After having penetrated several inches, the instrument broke off level with the skin. The unhappy being was conveyed to an hospital, where it was determined that no operation could be attempted. He survived for twenty-one days, in but little pain, and without feeling any difficulty in changing his position. On opening the body, it was seen with surprise that the file had not only pierced the pericardium, and one of the coats of the heart, but that, entering that organ at three inches from the point, it had passed obliquely, from the left to the right, and from the lower to the higher part; crossing the left cavity, the middle membrane, and the right cavity!

**Historical Anecdotes.** *Montesquieu and the Pope.*—The Pope was so delighted with Montesquieu, that, in order to give him the highest mark of his satisfaction, he dispensed him from fasting in Lent, and permitted him to eat meat if he chose all the year round. A brief was prepared in the apostolic chancery to this effect, and Montesquieu was called upon to pay a considerable sum for the fees, which he declined, saying, "His Holiness' word is quite sufficient for me; and my asserting that he has given it will perfectly satisfy the *cure* of my parish, so that I have no occasion for any parchment documents."

**A School-boy Bishop.**—Some time after Louis XIV. had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishopric of Meaux, he asked the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your majesty, we like him pretty well." "Pretty well! why what fault have you to find with him?" "To tell your majesty the truth, we would have preferred having a bishop who had finished his education; for whenever we wait upon him we are told that *he is at his studies*."

**Magnetism.**—M. Poisson, the mathematician, has been lately engaged in studying the nature of the magnetic fluids. He has established, that, besides the effects produced in the interior of bodies by the magnetic fluids (austal and boreal) when they are at rest, there are others which are produced by the same fluids when they are in motion; and that there is no connexion whatever between these two kinds of effects.

**Ephemera.**—The insects known by the name of ephemera, and which live only for a few hours, or at most for a day or two, have

hitherto been supposed to be destitute of all the parts of the digestive canal. This supposition has lately been proved to be wholly without foundation. It has also been found that during their brief existence their skin is twice entirely changed.

**Paragrèles.**—The Agricultural Society of Lyons have, by way of experiment, placed four hundred paragrèles on the most elevated parts of Mount d'Or, in a place of about two leagues in extent. As all the stormy clouds which shower down hail on the fertile plains that lie at the foot of that mountain pass over its summit, and at no great height above it, it may reasonably be expected that, by these paragrèles, they will be divested of their electricity; and that the valuable vineyards in the plain will be effectually preserved. The yearly average of damage done by hail, at the foot of Mount d'Or, is calculated at from eight to ten thousand francs. The expense of erecting the four hundred paragrèles did not exceed fifteen or sixteen hundred francs; and it is supposed that it will not be necessary to renew them for five years.

**Comet.**—Mr. Gambart, of Marseilles, in the early part of this month announces that he has discovered a comet in the constellation of Eridanus.

**Piazzi.**—The famous astronomer Piazzi, Director of the Observatories at Naples and Palermo, and the discoverer of the planet Ceres, died at Naples on the 23d of July, at the age of eighty years.

**Amaurosis.**—Observation and experiment have put out of all doubt the influence of the fifth pair of nerves on the functions of the organs of sense, and especially sight. They have also shewn that there are two kinds of amaurosis; the one arising from injury to the optic nerve, the other from injury to the ophthalmic branches of the fifth pair, which are not less indispensable to vision. M. Majendie, having conceived the idea of applying galvanism to the latter by means of the process known by the name of the electro-puncture, began by proving that the nerves of animals might be pricked with impunity. He then attempted the cure of a young man, eighteen years of age, affected with an incomplete amaurosis. The frontal nerve and the sub-orbital nerve were pierced by the needles at the first sitting, without any accident. In the second sitting M. Majendie endeavoured to attack the frontal nerve in the orbit itself. After a little groping, he effected his object. He also succeeded at the same sitting in piercing the lachrymal nerve; and observed that the result was a particular feeling, accompanied by an abundant secretion of tears. Galvanism, directed on these two last nerves, by means of a pile composed of a dozen pair of plates, six inches in diameter, produced no greater inconvenience than simple pricking; and only made the patient experience a feeling similar to that which results in the fore-arm from a rap on the elbow. The sight was a little more distinct during the operation. At the end of a fortnight's attendance, there was a sensible improvement; but as the patient was then obliged to go into the country, it is not known whether that improvement was permanent. M. Majendie has since succeeded decidedly in several cases of incomplete amaurosis, either with or without the complication of paralysis of the eyelid. One patient, sixty years of age, was completely cured in three months.

**Major Laing.**—It is stated in the *John Bull* Newspaper, that Major Laing had been attacked on his way to Timbuctoo, wounded in the

shoulder, and his servant killed. It adds, that if the major did not meet Captain Clapperton, his intention was not to proceed southward or south-east, but to return to Tripoli, where his bride, the daughter of Consul Warrington, awaited his return.

**Nervous Ladies.**—A Parisian physician, who has entirely devoted himself to the study of the disorders to which the fair sex are subject, has just published a work in which he teaches husbands the means of ascertaining whether their wives' nervous attacks are real or feigned! We would advise this indiscreet and officious medical gentleman to take care of himself.

**Lithography.**—M. Paul Laurent, formerly a pupil at the Polytechnic School at Paris, has invented a new, and, it is said, very valuable mode of drawing on stone.

**Laconics.**—"A man requireth wisdom to discover whether he be a fool or none; and if he be certified that he is not a fool, then, by that token, is he wise. Wisdom and folly are the antipodes to each other; and a man when going deep into the one, may find that he hath reached the other."

"Let us imagine that the mind was originally intended to depend upon itself; its affections and attachments should be mere episodes and discursions, and, upon their failure, the mind should return back again to pursue its own course: this would be the Alpha and Omega of all philosophy."

"Friends are all very true when nothing is required of them beyond friendship; but when you rely on them, they bend, and ill brook supporting you."

"However sharp-sighted and shrewd a man may be, he has always a little mote at that corner of the mind's eye, which should be directed towards his own failings."

**Remarks on honesty and knavery.**—"A droll fellow, the other day, would fain persuade me that the young gentry of England, in the gross, may be divided into two classes: the one, amateurs in knavery; the other, amateurs in blackguardism: that the wits cultivated the former; the lackbrains patronised the latter art, which, being a simple one, was attainable by the meanest capacity; 'for blackguardism,' said this wag, 'is the natural son of knavery.'"

"My comical friend, also, (from personal experience, I presume,) favoured me with some eccentric opinions and definitions of *honesty* and *knavery*. I quote his remarks."

"Knavery is like the embroidery of a lady's dress,—work which to perform, used to require the nicest skill of the hand; but now the cunning manufacturer has no credit, since, by the improvement of science, it is effected by mechanical process."

"To call a man *honest*, would seem to be giving him an honorary epithet; but, according to the mode of the time, or, as I may say, according to the tacit and secret understanding of the present day, it is a word of reproach, signifying, perhaps, the reverse of what it would seem to mean."

"I asked him for his explanation. 'The reason is self-evident. Every individual knows that he is not worthy to be called honest, therefore, when by chance he is called so by a fellow knave, he has sufficient discretion not to be flattered by a title to which he is conscious he has no pretension. The prosy old days of honesty are fled; the substance of honesty is gone, and the name only remains, which has fallen into a corruption; nobody is honest now, and what nobody is cannot be good: therefore, it is a reproach to call a man honest.'"

"And is every body dishonest, then?" I inquired.

"By no means: think you, because nobody is honest, that every body must be dishonest?"

"And pray you, then," said I, "what is honesty?"

"There are various modes of explaining the word: every man has his own way of being honest, and no man thinks his neighbour's way good, which circumstance occasioned me to hint that there is no standard of honesty in the world. I, for example, am as honest as any one else,—by this logic, that the thing in which I am not honest, another person is; and the thing in which I am honest, another person is not. So it is a natural conclusion, that if honesty, like articles of commerce, could be weighed in the scale, with the commonality, it would prove that the honesty of one man would balance with the honesty of another."

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the interesting works in preparation, we hear of one relating to a distinguished man of whom any literary remains are certainly very unexpected. We allude to Letters, Memoirs, &c. of General Wolfe, which are now in the hands of Mr. Murray.

From Mr. Hallam, a work of English History, in two quarto volumes, is in the press.

Mrs. Markham, whose clever Catechistical History of England has become so deservedly popular, has prepared a History of France in the same manner. Nothing of the kind could be more wanted.

Plain Advice to the Public to facilitate the Making of their own Wills, &c. &c. is announced for early publication.

Mr. Russell, Author of "The Philosophy of Arithmetic," has in the press a work entitled, Modern Arithmetic, drawn up for the purpose of saving much of the time generally employed by teachers in examining sums. We are requested to mention, that the failure of Messrs. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. will not affect, in the slightest degree, Mr. Alaric Watts's Literary Souvenir, for 1827, which is now in a state of considerable forwardness. Among the illustrations engraving or engraved for the forthcoming volume of this work,—by C. Heath, W. and E. Finden, Rolfs, Romney, Wallis, Leighton, Mitchell, and Humphreys, from celebrated original paintings by Howard, Newton, Turner, Martin, Eastlake, Green, W. E. West, George Fielding Parrier, &c.—is the last and most authentic portrait of Lord Byron, by W. West, which has lately excited so much notice, and which is the subject of an interesting article in a late number of the New Monthly Magazine. The L. S. will appear along with the other annuals.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson's Domestic Constitution, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Bewick's Birds, new Edition, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds. Royal, 3s. 6d. bds.—Cappes (Mrs.) Memoirs, new Edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Edward, by the Author of Ouida, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Summary of Christian Instruction, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Parr's Third Voyage, 4to. 2s. 10s. bds.—Parr's Aphorisms, 18mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Boys's Tributes to the Dead, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The West of the Wye, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Jenkins's Comparative Value of French and English Measures and Money, 8vo. bds. 1s. 1s.—Scott's Continuation of Milner's Church History, 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Phumtree's Robinson Crusoe, 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 17	From 40. to 74.	29.96 to 30.05
Friday 18	54. — 79.	30.16 — 30.20
Saturday 19	45. — 81.	30.20 — 30.16
Sunday 20	44. — 83.	30.00 — 29.90
Monday 21	46. — 73.	29.88 — 29.82
Tuesday 22	46. — 76.	29.83 — 29.82
Wednesday 23	48. — 71.	29.76 — 29.65

Wind variable, S.W. and S.E. prevailing. Generally clear till the 21st, since which generally cloudy, with a little rain on the 23d.

Rain fallen, .05 of an Inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
Latitude . . . . . 51° 37' 39" N.  
Longitude . . . . . 0° 3' 51" W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respecting J. H.'s lines, "Evening," we cannot at present give any answer.

Our publisher having already forwarded several sums to Mr. Hogg, requests us to acknowledge another pound received from H. H. in aid of the subscription on her behalf.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### Connected with Literature and the Arts.

British Institution, Pall Mall.

THE GALLERY continues open with the Collection of Pictures from Carlton Palace, which His Majesty has been graciously pleased to allow the Directors to exhibit, from Ten till Six o'clock.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

Lady Hobhouse.

A BELLE ASSEMBLEE for September will contain a Portrait of LADY HOBHOUSE, engraved by Thomson, from a Painting by Jackson, R.A. and two full-length Female Figures, in fashionable Costume, appropriately coloured, with 48 pages of royal 8vo. letter-press.

Proofs of the Portrait to be had of M. Colnaghi, 55, Cockspur Street.

The work, price 3s. is published by Whittaker, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and A. M. Graham, Dublin.

### THE MONTHLY AND EUROPEAN

MAGAZINE for September, price half-a-crown, will contain the following Articles:—Rich and Poor—Familiarities, No. IV.—Anonymous—Punch and Judy, a Philosophical Poem, with Notes, by Bougerdickias—Notes of a Miscellaneous Reader—Times' Changes—On the Suppression of Monasteries in England—A Serenade—The Progress of Cant—Sketches in Portugal—The Adopted Child, by F. H.—Old Neighbours—A Quiet Gentlewoman—What I Wanted—Original Letters of Hayley the Poet—On the State of Education in America—Letter from London on Affairs in General—Meteorological Observations in Russia—Reviews—Army Promotions—Reports, &c. &c.

Published by Whittaker, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and A. M. Graham, Dublin.

On the 1st of August was published, price 6s.

### THE EDINBURGH REVIEW; or, Critical

Journal. No. LXXXVII.  
Contents:—Icon Basilicæ—Method of Teaching Languages—Commercial Revisions—Lingard's History of England—French Official Life—Denham and Clapperton's Travels in Africa—The Life and Remains of Dr. Clarke, &c.  
Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Archibald Constable and Co., Edinburgh.

Latin and French.

THE following List of new and improved Editions of valuable and standard Works, is respectfully submitted to the consideration of Teachers and Heads of Families. The abilities of the different Editors are too well known to require commendation.

Hunter's Ruddiman's Rudiments; 12mo. 1s. 6d. bound.

Hunter's Ruddiman's Grammar; 12mo. 4s. bound.

Hunter's Sallust; 18mo. 1s. 6d. bound.

Hunter's Virgil, with English Notes; 18mo. 2s. 6d. bound.

Hunter's Horace, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. 2s. 6d. bound.

Hunter's Livy, Book I to V., with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory. 12mo. 5s. bound.

Hunter's Livy, Book XXI to XXV., with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

Stewart's improved Edition of Cornelius Nepos, with Marginal Notes, a Vocabulary, Chronology, &c. 4th Edition, 12mo. 2s. bound.

Dymock's improved Edition of Sallust, with Marginal Notes, and an Historical and Geographical Index, &c. 2d Edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

Surrenne's new Pronouncing French Primer, containing a Vocabulary, and a Selection of Phrases, &c. Royal 18mo. 1s. 6d. sewed.

Surrenne's new French Manual, and Traveller's Companion. Royal 18mo. with a Map of France, and a Plan of Paris. 4s. half-bound.

Nouveau Cours de Littérature Française; ou, Répertoire des Chefs-d'Œuvre de Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Molière, La Fontaine, &c.; suivis des Commentaires de La Harpe, et précédés d'un choix des plus beaux Discours en Vers et en Prose des plus célèbres Écrivains Français; avec des Notes Biographiques et Chronologiques sur les Personnes et les Événements mentionnés dans l'Œuvre. A l'usage de l'Académie d'Édimbourg. Par P. B. Buisson, Professeur de Langue Française à l'Académie d'Édimbourg. 18mo. in the press.

Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and George B. Whittaker, London.

The Inspector and Literary Review. Price 1s. 6d.

«Semper enim sapienter recteque quod inveniat, et quo animus ejus excurrit; libet ergo hanc invicem scribere, et hanc integrum semper egerere materiam.»—Seneca.

On the 1st of September will be published, by H. Dixon, 19, Carey Street, and Sherwood and Co. Paternoster Row, No. V. of

THE INSPECTOR AND LITERARY REVIEW, containing the following Papers:—An Original Biographical Memoir of Weber—Gems of Poetry—My First Appearance in the Metropolis—London News—Miniatures—Serpentine Worship, and Serpentine Temples—On the Name of the Deity—Real Value of Knowledge—Legends of Stanzas—Vids to the Paragon—The Degraded State of the Drama, &c. &c. &c. With Original Poetry, Reviews, and Domestic and Literary Intelligence.

English, Geography, History, Arithmetic, &c.

IF any Recommendation of the following popular School Books were required, it may perhaps be sufficient to say, that, by survey of the most eminent Teachers in Great Britain and Ireland they are esteemed the best that have hitherto been published.

Adam's Twopenny Book; or, the Infant's First Lessons.

Adam's Infants' Guide to the Alphabet, and First Principles of Pronunciation, with numerous Cuts. 6d.

Smith's Analytical System of English Grammar, arranged upon a new and an improved Plan, illustrated by appropriate Rules, Examples, and Exercises, which are so explained as to render every part of the Grammar intelligible to the Learner. 12mo. 1s. 6d. bound.

Fulton's Pronouncing Vocabulary, with Lessons in Prose and Verse, and a few Grammatical Exercises. 12mo. 2s. bound.

"This is a well-arranged little book, evidently proceeding from a person of practical experience. We recommend it cordially."—Literary Gazette, 30th July, 1826.

Fulton's Primer; or, First Lessons for Children. 3d.

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